The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1899.

The Week.

Congress finds itself in something more than its usual condition of congested legislation, only five weeks from the end of the session. The appropriation bills are in a backward state, and as for the sea of legislative troubles which expansion has brought upon us, both houses seem to be floundering in the waters helplessly. There is the army bill but just passed the House; there is the Nicaragua Canal bill still stuck in committee; there is the Hawaiian bill, dangling somewhere between heaven and earth; there is the shipping-subsidies bill, not yet discussed in Senate or House. That all these measures can be acted upon intelligently before the 4th of March is impossible. This is not saying that they will not be acted upon. They may be squeezed through and into conference in some rough-hewn condition, or Congress may conclude to throw up its hands in despair, and follow the new fashion of "leaving it all to McKinley." If Congressmen find a bill to dig a canal too much for them, it seems simplicity itself to "authorize the President" to go ahead and dig it. So of raising an army. Solemn Mr. Marsh of Illinois told the House on Thursday that he "violated no confidence" in saying that the President would not enlist one man more than necessary. How easy and natural to turn the whole matter over to such an Executive. If Congress is at its wits' end—no long journey—there is always the President to call upon to do its work, and he, if we know him, has wisdom to spare for all.

The President has at last sent to the Senate copies of the instructions which he gave the Paris Peace Commissioners. The documents were confided to the Senate under seal of strictest secrecy; therefore, their contents were at once known all over Washington. It appears that Mr. McKinley did not instruct his Commissioners to demand the entire Philippine archipelago. The island of Luzon alone was the extent of his original instructions. It was the Commissioners themselves who found, in discussion with the Spaniards, and after consultation with our army and navy officers, that it would be necessary to adopt the policy of all or none. Being the men they were, it is needless to say that they decided for all. They so informed the President, and he acquiesced, "reluctantly," as usual. Without pinning our faith to the accuracy of all these details, as they come from the sacred secrecy of the Senate, it is sufficient for the present to say that they are inherently probable, and that they are supported by independent evidence. But if the treaty is the Commissioners' and not the President's, if, as Senator Davis has boasted, they got more at Paris than they went for, what becomes of the theory of the strong silent man in the White House, foreseeing everything and settling everything? It was because he made the treaty that we are to trust everything else to him; but if he didn't make it, if it was forced upon him, we shall have to look elsewhere for a supernatural being to save the country from the necessity of thought and work.

The pending treaty has this unusual stipulation:

> "The civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by Congress."

The command is peremptory. Only Congress is vested with the authority, not the President and Senate, nor the Cubans, nor the Porto Ricans, nor the Filipinos. When Congress must determine is not stipulated. The treaties with France, Spain, and Mexico, ceding to us land and peoples, stipulated that the ceded inhabitants "shall" be admitted as soon as possible, "according to the principles of the Federal Constitution," to all the rights, advantages, and immunities of citizens. That with Russia also stipulated for citizenship of all (excepting uncivilized Indian tribes) who preferred to remain in Alaska. Why the new departure in the pending treaty? Spain had naturally little interest in the sold and quitclaimed natives, and she did not promote the stipulation. Why did the President and his Commissioners at Paris exclude the usual phrase, "according to the principles of the Federal Constitution," which Senator Teller now insists have nothing to do with Territories till Congress shall so ordain? A treaty is the "supreme law of the land," and, therefore, if the treaty shall be ratified, then the present or the next Congress can dictate the political status of the dozen and more millions of ceded people. If the fourteenth article of amendment of the Constitution cannot expand over those millions, then Congress can declare that their children, as well as the existing natives, shall never be citizens. No President can veto anything that Congressmen may do in that relation. Will Congress determine those "civil rights and political status" before the treaty has been made and exchanged? If the Senate shall advise that the treaty be made in its present form, and if the Constitution will not, *proprio vigore*, expand over the new acquisitions, then Congress can, if it has the physical force, constitutionally reduce all the Cubans, Porto Ricans, and Filipinos to slavery, or any other form of involuntary servitude such as exists in Zanzibar. That Congress will not do that, but will only reduce them to subjection as subjects, and not elevate them to be citizens, is inconsequential so far as concerns the wisdom or unwisdom of the treaty.

Senator Davis's willingness to have the treaty brought to a vote on February 6 doubtless means that he and the President are confident it will then be ratified. The opponents of the treaty, or of the dangers which they see lurking in the treaty, have been at a great tactical disadvantage. Ardent friends of peace, they have had to appear in the ungracious rôle of antagonists of a treaty of peace. It is as a treaty of peace that the instrument will be ratified, if at all. Merely as a charter of conquest, as a justification of government forcibly imposed on distant races, as a document embodying grave departures from the established policy of this Government, it is evident that the treaty would be repugnant to the moral sense and the political instincts of the people, and would be doomed in Senate and nation alike. But garbed in the livery of a treaty of peace, it may have to be accepted. Several Senators who are reckoned against it, and who are against it, *per se*, will doubtless say that, under the circumstances, they do not feel justified in refusing to put an end to the anomalous and critical situation in which the country is placed as a result of the war with Spain. The demands of the business interests of the country that a possible menace to the present prosperity be removed by ratifying the treaty, have already made themselves heard, and would speak in more imperative tones if the treaty were thought in serious danger of failing. Then there is the undoubted fact that the treaty would certainly be ratified after March 4 if defeated now. This takes the heart out of Senators who fight for victory, not for principle.

One of President McKinley's nobles says in his paper, the *Tribune*, apropos of the Senate's delay in ratifying his treaty:

> "It is for the President to judge whether, in the light of all information at his command, the time has come to put an end to uncertainty in the Philippine Islands about the intention of the Government. Perhaps the most merciful thing for the stupidly guided natives, and the wisest for those who are more or less consciously the tools of foreign Powers, would be without further delay to smash up the shadow of opposition, scatter their forces, and take into custody some of their leaders who send insulting missives to Washington. Certainly such behavior on the part of Cubans, who do at all events show a better disposition towards responsible self-government, would not have been tolerated at any time."

We could hardly have desired a better

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illustration than the foregoing of Prof. Sumner's thesis produced the other day at New Haven, that it was the Spaniards who had conquered us, not we the Spaniards. Could there be anything more thoroughly Spanish than the above suggestion that, being disgusted with the slowness of constitutional processes, the President should take the matter out of the hands of the Legislature by military force, execute the treaty in his own way, and lay violent hands on foreigners who owe him no allegiance, and over whom he has not one particle of legal authority, because they do not obey his orders?

We hope the professors of political science in the colleges are taking note of these things. They could not have a better example of the way in which public liberties have perished in all preceding republics. First you get up a war; then you make the people drunk with conquest; then you make your conqueror your great man; then you get more and more to admire the swiftness and efficacy of military processes; then you are struck by the additions he has made to the national glory and fame and importance; then you conclude that a man whose military undertakings have ended so well must be a good and wise man; then you get furious with the legislators and advocates and editors for debating or gainsaying his plans; then you think he, as commander of the army, is really in possession of the power he has asked for; then you advise him "to take away that bauble," the mace, to stop all gabble and lock the gabblers up, and you say that it is intolerable to have a great man's plans impeded by such people. The whole process is as familiar to students of history as the public highroad. One of the most effective of its arguments is that criticism encourages foreigners and domestic "kickers" to resist the great man's arrangements for their welfare. "See," the nobles say, "you infernal grumblers, if it were not for you these darned greasers, yallow bellies, or dagoes would have submitted long ago. Your talk about the Constitution makes us sick; what do you want with a Constitution when you have good men like Alger and Hanna and Eagan and McKinley on deck? What is the matter with you, anyhow? You are always grumbling."

Senator Lodge seldom sheds tears (except in political conventions where, as is well known, "strong men weep" at certain crises), but he was near the melting point in his speech in the Senate on Tuesday week. This was especially the case in that part of his oration where he contemplated a possible "humiliation of the United States in the eyes of civilized mankind," with a brand fixed upon us as "incapable of great affairs or of taking rank where we belong as one of the greatest of the great world Powers." At this point his voice broke, and he took refuge in poetry:

"One more devil's triumph and sorrow for angels."

Now, what is this threatened humiliation of the country before which Lodge blenches? Why, it is simply the demonstration that we are not a swashbuckling nation desiring or fitted for a career of vulgar conquest. What is it that is to make us "incapable" of setting up as one of the greatest of the great world Powers? Why, our Constitution, our laws, the habits and temper of our people. We are incapacitated from becoming an empire by the fact that our government is republican. We cannot rule subject races because our system contemplates only the self-government of men free and equal. Our Executive cannot go about the world annexing and governing according to his good pleasure, because our Executive is a creature of law, a man of limited powers if of unlimited wisdom. If these are the facts, where is the disgrace of taking action to reassert the nature and purpose of our government "in the eyes of civilized mankind"? The real disgrace, the real humiliation, attaches to the President and his advisers, and to Senators and Peace Commissioners who have attempted to depart from the established policy and the settled laws of the country, and are now whimpering when they find themselves in a scrape.

Mr. Lodge has formulated and proclaimed his Philippine creed. He believes that the United States has the right and power to acquire, hold, and govern foreign lands and peoples for "constitutional purposes," but Congress is the sole judge of the constitutionality. His creed makes no mention of Constitutional methods, nor of the President and Senate, the treaty-making power, as having to do with either. He believes that Congress has "absolute" power to make a petit jury in the Philippines consist of only one man or of two men; to establish there the Mormon or any other religion, and empower a Government officer to seize the private papers of a citizen. He condemns a modification of the treaty so that it will deal with the Philippines as with Cuba. He confesses that he has no plan respecting the Philippines, knows not what it is expedient to do with them; avers that nobody knows, but believes "that we shall have the wisdom not to attempt to incorporate those islands with our body politic, or make their inhabitants part of our citizenship, or set their labor alongside of ours and within our tariff to compete in any industry with American workmen"—which belief presents the precise condition of things set forth in the Vest resolution as condemning the constitutionality of the acquisition. He fancies that if the treaty falls, the protocol will fall, Cuba, Porto Rico, and Manila will go back to Spain, the war will begin again, and McKinley's war power will have no more likelihood of end than it now has. Senator Lodge should have privately submitted his creed, before promulgation, to a good lawyer like Mr. Justice Gray of the Supreme Court.

The "friends of the Hawaiian bill" are reported from Washington to be exceedingly anxious lest their measure fail of enactment in this crowded and distraught session of Congress. We should think they would be. But if their work creates another such muddle in the islands as was brought about by the hasty annexation resolutions of last July, the longer it is delayed and the more carefully it is studied the better. An extraordinary judicial situation has been disclosed by a recent decision of the Hawaiian Supreme Court. We referred some time ago to the habeas-corpus proceedings before Chief-Justice Judd, in the case of returning Chinese. He held that, having certificates of residence in the islands, issued before annexation, they were entitled to return. Appeal was taken to the full Bench, which has now reversed Justice Judd's decision, on the ground that the annexation resolution destroyed the jurisdiction of the Hawaiian courts in all questions "arising under the laws of the United States." Congress destroyed, but it did not create. Until it acts to establish such courts as may be necessary to pass upon questions of Chinese exclusion, cases in admiralty, suits between citizens of Hawaii and citizens of California, no causes of that description can be tried in the Hawaiian Islands at all. This is the decision of the Hawaiian Supreme Court, which has naturally excited something very like consternation in Honolulu.

One of the quiet little changes in legislative practice which nobody notices, which the press barely reports, but which are of far-reaching importance, was effected in the Senate on Monday week. It was, the determination to take away from the committee on appropriations control of seven of the great appropriation bills. This change has been urged, and has been fought, for years. It is a change which took place long ago in the House, with the result, as Mr. Cannon has openly confessed, of increasing extravagance. Of the thirteen annual appropriation bills, the House committee on appropriations has long had charge of only six. To increase the power and prestige of other committees, the right to frame their own appropriations has been intrusted to them. This breaking down of a centralized control over expenditures is undoubtedly one of the chief causes of swollen appropriations. It has been steadily resisted in the Senate by Mr. Allison. He has stood for

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the need of a central and coördinating authority presiding over all annual expenditures. Two years ago a strong movement was made to break up and distribute the appropriation bills among several Senate committees. Senator Allison was able to defeat it then, though with difficulty. Now he has surrendered. The small men of the smaller committees have proved too numerous for him, and have got their way. They will now be able not only to deliberate on agriculture and the army and navy and the post-office and the Indians, but to draw up money bills. What the sure result of this disintegration will be there is no doubt. Responsibility will be destroyed, and so will the surplus.

The very judicial processes of the army, the attempts of its officers to keep the honor of their ranks unsullied and to punish and expel black sheep, are meddled with and thwarted by the politician at the head of the War Office. The Secretary allows a court-martial, but the verdicts he hangs up or reverses, according to the underground political influences which the accused can bring to bear upon him. We say nothing of the pending Eagan court-martial; when we see an honest verdict in that case enforced without fear or favor, we shall believe in it. But the court-martial of Capt. Carter has already become a public scandal, so outrageously have the President and Secretary Alger, in connection with it, interfered with the regular course of military justice. That officer was tried by court-martial in December, 1897; he was found guilty of corruption in engineering contracts, was sentenced to dismissal from the army, the court also recommending that criminal proceedings be brought against him. What has been the result? The President and Secretary of War have kept the papers in their possession all these months, and have been straining every nerve to find some way of letting the inculpated officer escape full punishment. Reason? Political and social "pull." Capt. Carter is an Ohio man to start with; he is rich and has rich relatives; he has powerful political friends, including Senator Platt. In a desperate hope to save so well-connected an offender, the President employed Mr. Edmunds to review the proceedings, to see if some legal flaws might not be found. Mr. Edmunds's bill of $5,400 the President then had the effrontery to order paid out of the National Defence Fund! This was too much even for a friendly Comptroller of the Treasury, who said he was unable to see what Capt. Carter's case had to do with the war with Spain. Yet people wonder that under such a President and such a Secretary and such debauching and dishonoring methods, regular army officers should not think everything for the best in the best possible of worlds.

The average active stock on the New York market has already risen 30 to 50 per cent. in price within nine months. Many stocks have nearly or quite doubled in market value. Moreover, the last few weeks of almost unrestrained outside demand have not been wasted by the expert "promoter" of Wall Street. Such periods are his harvest seasons. A recent careful compilation by the *Financial Chronicle* shows that new corporations of the so-called "industrial" type, organized during 1898, reported aggregate share capital of no less than $916,000,000. A good part of these shares is now being rapidly floated on the sea of Wall Street speculation. No doubt much of this mass of capital stock is intrinsically worthless—a mere bundle of paper certificates given away to the incorporators as a "bonus" on their moderate investment of real capital. But when, as has happened, the quoted price of even these shares on the Stock Exchange is doubled or trebled, and when they freely pass current at such a valuation, it must be evident that the void in the supply of investment issues, good or bad, is being filled with great rapidity. In other words, supply is overtaking demand. We do not profess to know when it will fully overtake it, or whether it has already done so. But what every experienced man does know is, that a season of excited stock speculation creates factitious values; that sooner or later the bubbles must be punctured and prices forced back to their proper level, and that when this happens, a large part of this "outside public" will be left with securities in their hands, some of them intrinsically worthless, others bought at a valuation which may not be reached again in years, if ever.

The Memphis authorities have lately sought the permission of the Legislature for the issue of the bonds needed in their city to extend the waterworks system, and had a bill passed, general in its nature but really applicable to their case, authorizing the taxing of districts, cities, and towns with a population of at least 60,000 to build or buy water-works, and to issue therefor bonds not exceeding $2,000,000 for any place, which "shall be payable in such money as the legislative council or other governing agency of the said taxing district, city, or town may determine." This would, of course, authorize gold bonds, which the Memphis authorities would have issued. But, unfortunately, Benton McMillin, the new Executive, has always been a great "friend of silver," and he could not consent to see any discrimination against the metal of his love. He urged that the inevitable effect of the authorization sought would be to permit the payment of the proposed bonds in gold, and that experience had shown that this privilege would be improved. He declared that he had never believed in the single gold standard, or monometallism, and that he could not be a party to any scheme which "is intended, so far as it does anything, to break down the bimetallic principle and advance the principles of the single standard." Accordingly he vetoed the bill, which kills it. The result is, that the taxpayers of Memphis must pay a higher rate of interest on their water-works bonds than they would have to do, did not consistency require the statesman who is Governor of Tennessee to stand up on all occasions for "the bimetallic principle."

It is probably from abundance of caution, solely, that the French Government have adopted the bill to bring the Dreyfus revision before the full Court of Cassation, civil as well as criminal department. Premier Dupuy is keenly aware of the difficulty of getting the country to acquiesce in any verdict favorable to Dreyfus; and he seems to have resolved to omit no measure which could satisfy even the most querulous of the perfect integrity of the court. The suspicions thrown upon some of the criminal judges by the clamorous ex-Judge Beaurepaire are but so many trifles light as air—M. Dupuy himself called them in the Chamber foolish and disgusting—yet, in the present inflammable state of public opinion in France, it is well to anticipate and disprove in advance even the most ridiculous charges. On the whole, we cannot but think that the situation is clearing. The Government steadily get in the Chamber large majorities in favor of orderly proceedings; and if the Court of Cassation is able in the end to present a harmonious and legally overwhelming report in favor of revising the Dreyfus trial, there is good reason to think it will be quietly received by the French people.

Tariff wars are almost as disastrous in their ravages as those waged in real earnest. The one that has been raging between France and Italy for ten years was of the most foolish and reciprocally harmful character. France clapped extra duties upon Italian imports, and cut them down from $62,000,000 in 1887 to $26,000,000 in 1897. But Italy was not idle meanwhile. Her customs taxes were levelled at the enemy, and reduced the value of French goods sold in Italy from $65,000,000 in 1887 to $32,000,000 in 1897. What could be a more perfect demonstration? How could silly legislation and bad policy be writ larger? Yet it has taken eight years of persistent negotiation, as the ex-Ambassador to Rome, M. Billot, shows in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, to bring either nation to its senses, and to end this unnatural commercial struggle, as it now has been happily ended. In tariff wars, like others, the difficult thing is, not to begin, but to stop.

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WHAT IF THE TREATY IS NOT RATIFIED?

The consequences of the failure of the Senate to ratify the treaty would undoubtedly be unpleasant. The first and most serious would be the increased difficulty and expense of "getting delegates" at the convention for the revered McKinley, and the consequent revelation to mankind of our ingratitude to one of our greatest men. It would be like a failure to reëlect Abraham Lincoln in 1864. But there would be something which his nobles would feel even more acutely than this—that is, the failure of a tremendous money-making scheme for which they are now all ready. Distance from home, a fertile soil, a subject population, strong military and naval support, complete power over taxation, and great sympathy in the Executive mansion and in the War Department—all are there. To miss them is to miss the finest chance ever offered to speculators in America. These are consequences not openly spoken of.

The consequences which are spoken of and dwelt upon are, the loss of the national dignity, the renewal of the war, the awful anarchy that would ensue in the Philippines, and the failure of any real "expansion." Two months ago we all thought we had expansion, at least, by the tail; we now find it is in danger. We ask ourselves, Can we bear it? Can we dispense, at this time, with the innumerable blessings which many local prophets have assured us would flow from expansion? Frankly, in our opinion, we shall find it hard. We find it hard already to wait for the report of the President's commission, which we shall probably now have to do. The conduct of the natives in compelling our revered ruler to send out a commission, instead of submitting themselves at once to that proclamation, will meet with no apology from us. We have always been on the side of authority, and we shall so continue. A greater set of rascals we have not often heard of, except George Washington, who defied several similar proclamations in a most unseemly manner. Let us say, *en passant*, that the way this old fossil has been puffed and belauded strikes us as very silly. It was, of course, easy enough to preach peace and isolation to us when we were so small a people that we could not rob or bully any one; but the "cheek" of preaching peace and honesty to a nation of 70,000,000, which can rob and bully anybody it pleases, as some of the anti-annexationists are doing, strikes us as colossal.

Now let us examine the dangers to expansion seriously. Of the dangers to the McKinley delegates we say nothing—that is too serious a subject for us to meddle with. But what about our having to begin the war again if the treaty be not ratified? We were sorry to see as sensible a man as Senator Gray lending his countenance to so fantastic a supposition. In the first place, Spain is used to remaining at war for indefinite periods, on paper. She was for many years at war, on paper, with her South American dominions before she made a treaty of peace with them, after she had stopped fighting. Then who would bring on the war? Every war needs two parties, so that both we and the Spaniards should have to fight. What would the Spaniards fight with? They have no longer any navy, and their army is now beyond the sea and in a very dilapidated condition. They have no ships to carry it to fight us either here or in Asia. We, on the contrary, have both an army and a navy, but we are without something just as important—something to fight about. We have got Cuba and Porto Rico without question or dispute. No one is meddling with us in either island, and we know of no one who desires to do so. Spain cannot and will not fight us in the Philippines, for the same reason for which she will not fight us in Cuba and Porto Rico—want of ships, men, guns, ammunition, and money. So with whom is the fight to be, and what is it to be about? The only way to bring it on is to invade Spain, when the Spaniards would probably defend their homes; but there are no "glory-crowned heights" in Spain, as the elder Napoleon proved to his cost.

The "loss of dignity" is next to be considered. To this also we are used. Gen. Grant was seized with the same desire for "subject population" as the revered McKinley, and, like the revered McKinley, he sent out the gifted Babcock to negotiate a treaty for the acquisition of the island of San Domingo, and he contracted for it. But the Senate refused to ratify the treaty. All the friends of the Administration said we had "lost our dignity," but the country decided to go without dignity for a few years until we had accumulated a fresh stock, and all was soon quiet again.

It is not for the likes of us to advise the Senate what to do with the treaty, but we are able to assure them solemnly that a renewal of the war is not one of the consequences that will follow their refusal to ratify it. Nothing will happen if they refuse. We may have to continue a war with the Filipinos, but we shall probably have to do that anyhow. And should we not have a nice war in Asia? Think how many wars with subject races the British have had. They had one only last winter in India, and we have not had one since our last war with the Western Indians. Is it not high time to make a "subject race" or two feel the valor of our young men? It seems to us it is. So the thing now is to hurry on a good war with the Filipinos.

The impudence of the rascals in claiming independence when their skin is brown as copper pan, strikes us, as it does, doubtless, most true-hearted Americans, as the height of brass. As usual, too, there are certain black-hearted villains at work among us encouraging them in their resistance by advising the Senate not to ratify the treaty, when they have been distinctly told by our excellent President, more than once, that it is a good treaty. Many of them are probably encouraged by the example set in the San Domingo affair, but they forget that there was no war accompaniment to that. As Senator Teller said the other day, if American blood be shed by these rascals in resisting the great McKinley, everything will be forgotten except the sacred duty of slaughtering more Filipinos than they slaughter of us, and of inflicting more misery on them than they inflict on us. Then we must remember that for fully a century certain unutterable traitors have been constantly at work, trying by some scheme to prevent the other party in American politics from winning an election, and, our word for it, they are at it still. The dogs little know that the eyes of the other party are on them, and that they may be locked up for treason any day.

MORE TANNERISM.

The country was startled or shocked, two or three months ago, by the proposal of Gov. Tanner of Illinois to make laws himself for the State, and execute them in advance of the meeting of the Legislature, which he proceeded to do by prohibiting the entrance of certain colored citizens into the State in search of work, and threatening them with death in case of disobedience. The doctrine as laid down by himself was as follows:

> "It sometimes becomes necessary for an executive to enforce the law in advance of its enactment. Public sentiment crystallizes into law. I am thoroughly satisfied that the public sentiment of the good, patriotic citizens of our State is overwhelmingly opposed to this system; that if the operators import this labor they do it at their peril, and receive no aid from this State while I am Governor."

The fact that but few of the newspapers and no public man, not even the President, took any notice of it, did not, in our minds, in any degree diminish the importance of the occurrence. On the contrary, it increased it. A distinguished English jurist who happened to be in the country at that time and thought the matter astounding, ran about, with somewhat diverting diligence, in search of explanations of this disregard of the Constitution, but never got any, and, we presume, is pondering over the matter to this day.

As we expected, Tanner's action has been full of suggestion to the party who wish to rule without constitutional restrictions. The second article of the Constitution says, defining the President's powers: "He shall have power,

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by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, to make treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur." Nothing can be plainer than this provision. It has been acted on without question for 110 years. It has been explained and expounded by a large number of publicists, native and foreign. We have never heard of any hostile or doubtful comment on it, at home or abroad. It has exactly the same force and authority as any other provision of the organic law. The President has no more right to disregard it than to declare himself entitled to a second term, Spanish-American fashion, without an election. Nevertheless, our good William McKinley began to disregard it, without the least hesitation, on the 21st of December last, by his proclamation to the Filipinos. To these ignorant people he made the following extraordinary announcement:

"With the signature of the treaty of peace between the United States and Spain, by their respective plenipotentiaries, at Paris, on the 10th inst., and as the result of the victories of American arms, the future control, disposition, and government of the Philippine Islands are ceded to the United States. In fulfilment of the rights of sovereignty thus acquired and the responsible obligations of government thus assumed, the actual occupation and administration of the entire group of the Philippine Islands becomes immediately necessary, and the military government heretofore maintained by the United States in the city, harbor, and bay of Manila is to be extended with all possible dispatch to the whole of the ceded territory."

There was in this statement hardly one word of truth. The signature of the draft of a treaty of peace by Commissioners appointed by the President no more made a treaty than the resolution of a nominating convention. The "future control, disposition, and government of the Philippine Islands" were not thereby "ceded" by Spain to the United States any more than they would have been "ceded" by a contract for "spot cash" with Mark Hanna. The whole proclamation was not simply unconstitutional, it was what is called "bogus"—that is, it was an attempt to impose on ignorant or helpless people.

As there was little or no protest against this bold usurpation of power, we felt sure it would not long lie fruitless. Sure enough, it is being promptly followed up. The people who have been sure that expansion would do no injury to our own institutions, have not been kept waiting very long to see lawlessness "expand" in every direction. The Constitution was undoubtedly intended for civilized human use, and the requirement that the Senate shall advise and consent therefore means that, with a view to advice and consent, it shall deliberate and take its own time. It is to decide, without help or interference, when the time to advise and consent, or to refuse to do so, has come. But to lovers of arbitrary power this is an exceedingly inconvenient arrangement. All military men like prompt action and fret under legislative delays. The state papers of European monarchs between 1820 and 1860 are full of demonstrations of the folly and inexpediency of granting constitutions to turbulent peoples, on the very ground now put forward by one of the McKinley noblemen. The King of Prussia, the Emperor of Austria, the King of Naples, all withdrew constitutions after having once granted them, on the express ground that they caused delay and confusion in executive action, besides throwing impudent doubts on royal wisdom. Our own William knew perfectly well when he took office that he took it as the creature of a constitution over 100 years old. He knew when he went to war with Spain that the war would end in peace, he knew that the Senate would have to share in making the peace, and he knew the manners and customs of the Senate. More important still, he must have felt, when Dewey's victory, joined with the suggestions of Satan, tempted him into converting a war of humanity into a war of conquest, and issuing Windischgrätz proclamations to a people fighting for their liberty, that there was much danger that both the Senate and the public might take a good while to make up their minds before entering on this new rôle, or that at all events he would have to submit to the law to which he owed his own political existence. But a more excellent way is evidently stealing into the heads of the lawless gang who surround him. Persigny and St. Arnaud were not more fertile and daring in expedients. Listen to this delightful Tanner suggestion from one of the great men who negotiated the treaty, produced in his *Tribune* on January 25:

"Under these circumstances, notwithstanding the fact that a vote twelve days hence has been ordered, it may be necessary to consider whether the hands of the Administration are really and necessarily tied up by the delays of the Senate. Spain having thrown up her hands, the United States is morally responsible for the protection of life and property in the archipelago. Can it be morally justified in standing much longer on *a technicality about the actual ratification of a treaty* to which both nations are committed, with the certainty that this delay increases tenfold the inevitable destruction of both?"

Not a bit, your Highness. We would go right ahead and execute whatever treaty we thought best, both for the Filipinos and the Americans. This tiresome deliberation of legislators has lasted long enough.

THE NEXT STEP.

Does it not seem as if it were time for somebody who is interested in this expansion business, to do something besides discuss the powers of the Supreme Court, of Congress, and of the President, and the vigor of the Constitution, and the behavior of Jefferson? To this there seems to be no end. Everybody is taking a hand in it, in and out of Congress. The country is literally swarming with people who happen to know how short-sighted Washington was, and how antiquated his opinions have become, and how well it will be to stop minding the Farewell Address. In fact, it looks at times as if the whole colonial question were about to be turned into one of those debauches of constitutional interpretation in which it was so common to indulge in the old days of the anti-slavery agitation, and which are so apt to occur at monthly meetings of clubs. It sometimes seems as if the expansion movement were about to fade into a piece of constitutional construction, leaving the great McKinley in possession of the field and Dewey of Manila harbor. We learn through a morning paper that a nephew of the Admiral, who lives up the Hudson River, is in favor of the annexation of the Philippines, and that the whole Dewey family are of the same mind. Surely this ought to settle the matter. Why go on arguing?

But we used to hear last summer, when the expansion movement first began, that we would promptly organize a colonial civil service for the administration of these new possessions, on the model of that of Great Britain. Those who feared that the result of these annexations would be simply a descent of our old political class on the islands, were for a time in a pitiable position, and kept out of sight as well as their private business would permit. The old régime was to pass away promptly, and a new order was to arise in a conquering notion. Did you doubt it? Had you not seen the readiness with which our wealthiest young men rushed to the war? Could you question that on the return of peace the same young men would engage vigorously in organizing colonial services, and supplying the unhappy islanders with a pure, lofty, and skilful administration?

It may be said that there is no use in doing anything about this until the treaty is ratified; but, as we have been given to understand, we are certain, treaty or no treaty, to "keep what we have got"—that is, to do what we have undertaken to do. We are going to keep the islands, no matter what anybody says, and should rather like on the whole to have somebody question our right or ability to do so. Consequently, the signing of the treaty or its ratification really makes no difference. We are bound to prepare a system of government for the islands, especially for the Philippines, which, we are told, we are to keep as a conquest. Now this cannot be done in a day. It will take months or years to get such a system organized. We cannot begin to prepare it too soon. We cannot govern and educate and civilize indefinitely through a few military officers, however good they may be, whose experience is limited and whose health is made precarious by the climate. Have we anybody to-day ready to take their places when they drop off,

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except the old heelers who had or controlled votes in the last nominating convention? Absolutely nobody; when vacancies begin to occur in Cuba or Porto Rico or the Philippines, it looks, at present, as if the good and wise McKinley would fill them promptly by old heelers such as the Consul-General whom he sent the other day to Singapore, and of whom there is an unlimited supply now awaiting his orders.

War is an exciting pastime for young people. It sets all the maidens weeping for joy and excitement, and makes the young men drunk with martial ardor, but it does not prepare for the dry drudgery and details of a government service. Conquering is great fun, but administering in any way except the Spanish way is tiresome in the extreme. Who would not sooner discuss the constitutional authority of Congress or of the President, or the extent of the "war power," than draw up rules for a civil service?

The result is that, eagerly as our young men rushed to the war, we hear of nobody who says a word now about the organized colonial government. Millions to-day "refuse to despair of their country"; tens of millions feel that "all will come out right in the end"; but we do not hear of a single patriot buckling down to the work of providing any better system than that of the Spaniards, for the rule of our subject races. We could not give a better idea of what that rule must be, if it is to do us any credit, and of the kind of men who must carry it on, than a description of the duties of one of the British Commissioners in British India, where the climate, the population, and the degree of civilization are very similar to those of the Philippines. They are exactly the kind of duties which the agents of our authority in those islands will have to perform if we are to do any civilizing or any educating, or, in fact, do anything but "keep what we have got." Is the conquering Griggs, who "assumed responsibility" so readily, doing anything about this matter? Here is the official account of the work a district commissioner in India has to do, and, inferentially, of the kind of man he is to be:

> "Alike in regulation and in non-regulation territory, the unit of administration is the district—a word of very definite meaning in official phraseology. The district officer, whether known as collector-magistrate, or as deputy commissioner, is the responsible head of his jurisdiction. Upon his energy and personal character depends ultimately the efficiency of our Indian government. His own special duties are so numerous and so various as to bewilder the outsider; and the work of his subordinates, European and native, largely depends upon the stimulus of his personal example. As the name of collector-magistrate implies, his main functions are two-fold. He is a fiscal officer, charged with the collection of the revenue from the land and other sources; he is also a civil and criminal judge, both of first instance and in appeal. But his title by no means exhausts his multifarious duties. He does in his smaller local sphere all that the Home Secretary superintends in England, and a great deal more; for he is the representative of a paternal, and not of a constitutional, government. Police, jails, education, municipalities, roads, sanitation, dispensaries, the local taxation, and the imperial revenues of his district, are to him matters of daily concern. He is expected to make himself acquainted with every phase of the social life of the natives, and with each natural aspect of the country. He should be a lawyer, an accountant, a surveyor, and a ready writer of state papers. He ought also to possess no mean knowledge of agriculture, political economy, and engineering."

MADE IN SPAIN.

Considering our cultivated dislike of foreign-made goods, and especially just now our contempt for all things Spanish, we are importing a surprising amount of political ideas from Spain at present. To say nothing of our sudden fondness for militarism just as Spain is finding it a burden too grievous to be borne; waiving the question whether we are not in a fair way to pay Spanish methods of colonization the sincere compliment of imitating them; we beg to ask if the debates and proposals in Congress do not show a marked tendency to Hispanicize our institutions.

We refer especially to the readiness displayed in Washington to evade or suspend Constitutional guarantees, and to load upon the Executive duties and responsibilities not his by Constitutional provision. Spain is the true home of this way of treating a constitution like a nose of wax, and of exalting the executive power. It is "rancidly" Spanish, as the Spanish phrase is. No country can boast of a finer line of constitutions than Spain. There is the Constitution of 1812, another one of 1833, another of 1845, and so on. They are all beautiful pieces of work. The division of governmental powers, the rights and guarantees of the citizen—all are there. But the trouble has been that if any constitutional provision ever got in the way of a dictator or prime minister, it had to go. Out came a "royal decree" urging a "reason of state" or a "case of necessity," and lo! the inviolable Constitution was violated, the indefeasible liberties of the Spaniard suspended. We have seen the process illustrated again and again during the past few years. Cánovas and Sagasta vied with each other in snapping their fingers at Cortes and Constitution and doing the most unheard-of things by "royal decree." At this very moment the government of Spain is being carried on by a delegation of practically absolute power. The poor Constitution is lost in the shuffle.

Even more conspicuously has this political habit been displayed in Spanish America. The case has been more glaring there because all the Spanish-American constitutions are notoriously modelled on our own. The severe division of legislative from executive, and these from judicial, powers; the familiar "checks and balances"; the strict limitations imposed upon the President—the Spanish-Americans have them all. But having also Spanish political instincts in their blood, they make ducks and drakes of their written constitutions. A convenient method of reducing the Constitution to waste paper has been displayed again and again in Mexico. We speak of President Diaz as if he were an absolute ruler, and so he is; but the Mexican Constitution limits his powers very much as ours does the powers of our President. And the Mexicans appear to be as devoted to their Constitution as we are to ours. Officials address each other as "citizen" (*ciudadano*), and always append to their public letters, as a kind of pious whoop, "Liberty in the Constitution." But all that does not hinder them from driving right through the sacred document—worse than with the proverbial coach and four, they go through it with a diligence and twelve mules. Bill after bill has been passed by the Mexican Congress, in the years during which Don Porfirio has been building up his autocratic government, of which the general tenor is about as follows:

> "Section 1. All powers devolved by the Constitution upon Congress are hereby and till further notice conferred upon the President of the Republic.
> "Section 2. This act shall take effect immediately. Liberty in the Constitution."

How far the American Congress is now treading, or preparing to tread, in the footsteps of the Spanish Cortes and the Mexican Congress, every attentive reader of its proceedings can judge for himself. The "discretion" of the President, the "wisdom" of the Executive, these are now the great watchwords of debate. It may be said that this is all a part of the "war power," and so it is; but the war is over and yet the power remains. Is it under the "war power" that the Senate shirks passing a Nicaragua Canal bill and "authorizes and directs" the President to see that the job is properly done? Is it a military operation to govern Hawaii, as it is proposed to, largely by executive order? Is it because we are or have been in a state of war that the President is to be given power to say what ships and what lines shall have subsidies? If all this is not heading straight towards the Mexicanization of our government, then sign-posts are erected in vain.

Do we then dare to say that the good William McKinley is a wicked usurper? Would we compare him with Espartero or Marshal Prim or Gen. Diaz? Far from it, and that is the worst of it all. As usurper he would be a ridiculous figure. No one who so assiduously holds his ear to the ground to hear what the back-country districts are saying, can ever be a successful man on horseback. The very children would laugh at his pasteboard helmet and tin spurs and sword of lath. The hardest thing to be said is not that he is a dictator, but a dictatee; not a usurper, but a tool. To a really strong President the

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party leaders and political speculators would not venture to give such extraordinary powers. They give them because they know he will exercise them as they direct. They find it a wearisome task to get Congress to assent to their schemes, and so they take the short cut of getting Congress to put everything in the President's hands. This button pressed, they do the rest. Thus it is that our Constitution is subverted and our institutions Hispanicized, not in the interest of personal rule by one strong will, but in the interest of a group, of a vulgar oligarchy, who make the President their stalking-horse. The result is what a Spanish statesman once called a "bastard system"—neither the directness and force of absolute rule, nor the free play of a constitutional regimen, but a crass and feeble imitation of arbitrary power without either the dignity or the efficiency of a frankly monarchical government.

A GLIMPSE INSIDE.

We have many times pointed out that the text-books on government which are in use in our schools and colleges are grossly defective in that they relate entirely to a form of government which has ceased to exist among us. The methods which they explain, in regard to nominations, to legislative functions, and to the general business of government, are all out of date in all our large cities and in a great many of our States. We have done away with all that, and have substituted a very simple system of autocratic rule by a single man—the boss who carries on the government through his machine. Sometimes one boss does this, sometimes another. When one gets in a tight place, the other helps him out, as when Boss Platt helped Boss Croker to gain possession of the city by running Gen. Tracy as a decoy candidate.

But while there is a very accurate general impression of the real workings of the boss machine, it is only at rare intervals that we get exact information as to details. We are getting some of this now through a case which is in progress before Justice Fursman in the Supreme Court. A member of the celebrated machine family, Hess, is suing a member of another and scarcely less celebrated machine family, Einstein, for libel in making some unpleasant charges against him as a candidate for Congress a few years ago. In support of his charges, Einstein is relating his own experience, and is fortifying it with that of some of the ablest Republican machinists we have, and together they are giving testimony which is of the highest educational value. It appears from the testimony of three of these experts that it is the regular practice to refuse to nominate a candidate for office until he has first given satisfactory assurance of his ability to "put up" a handsome sum for expenses. The sum demanded in the case of Hess ranges from $2,500 to $5,000. The experts appear to have had doubts of the good faith of Hess, for they insisted upon having the cash in hand before the nomination was made. This is a method of procedure in our nominating system which is not even referred to in our current text-books on government, but see how exact and scientific it is! No cash, no nomination.

The witness who explains this method most lucidly is the defendant Einstein himself. He testifies that he had doubts of Hess in various ways—first, doubts as to his party loyalty, Hess having been first a Republican, then a Democrat, then a Republican again; second, doubts as to his eligibility, since he believed Hess to be a resident of New Jersey; third, doubts as to his fitness, since Hess "had been mixed up in lobbying to prevent importers from paying the duties that they ought to pay under the law," and it was suspected that he wished to get into Congress to continue this kind of service. These objections were laid before Mr. Lauterbach, who at the time was the executive head of the Republican machine. Now see how easily Lauterbach disposed of them. We quote from the court testimony:

"Q. What did Mr. Lauterbach say in answer to that? A. He said it was awful hard to get a decent candidate to run on their side in that district, and that he was depending on Scannell to elect him [Hess], and that Hess had given him $5,000.

"Q. Please state your reasons for objecting to Mr. Hess's nomination. A. First, that he had bought the nomination away from Luther Little, to whom it had been promised by Mr. Platt. That was one reason. The other reason was that he was a Democrat masquerading as a Republican. There were several other reasons that I am not allowed to state.

"Q. Did the suggestion that he was to be elected through the help of Scannell have anything to do with it? A. I thought it was a disgraceful way of being elected.

"Q. Did you know who Scannell was? A. I knew he was a Democrat and a Tammany Hall man.

"Q. Did you know that Scannell had at one time been tried for murder in this city? A. Yes.

"Q. Did you have any conversation with Mr. Lauterbach about the expenses of the campaign? A. Mr. Lauterbach told me that the county committee had got tired of putting up impecunious candidates, and I am pretty certain he gave me that as the reason for not putting up Luther Little—that he could not pay his campaign expenses.

"Q. Did Mr. Lauterbach tell you that Hess had put up money? A. He told me that he had given him $5,000."

There is the whole system in a nutshell. The man who can put up the cash gets the nomination. "You cannot run a machine on wind," is the usual formula, but Lauterbach, being a man of more than the usual machine erudition, puts it more elegantly: "I am tired of putting up impecunious candidates." If Luther Little had had the money, he would have been as sure of the nomination as Hess, but even the Old Man's promise was not sufficient without the cash. The aid of Scannell of Tammany Hall is not unusual in matters of this kind. You will remember that in the critical days of 1896, when Cornelius Bliss and other good Republicans were assailing the machine as such a disreputable band of political rascals, led by a boss who was so bad that "self-respecting men could not be allied with him even for a good purpose," it was shown that the boss and Lauterbach had saved the machine from destruction through the aid of Tammany men in the primaries. It is a part of the system and must be set forth in all future text-books. Scannell, who took the stand after Einstein, denied all personal knowledge of Lauterbach, or of this or similar transactions, swearing that he had no relations with Republican machinists, merely knowing Lauterbach well enough to say "How do you do?" to him three or four times in his life. This also is part of the system. Croker and Platt never meet, might not recognize each other if they did, yet they "get together" easily and work harmoniously in a "deal" when occasion requires.

The trial in which these revelations have been made is still in progress. Hess himself has taken the stand, and it is much to be hoped that he will give us the whole story, for, taken all in all, the Hess experts, including Jake of the Police Board, are the best examples we have of what can be done with machine executive government when it gets into the hands of really first-rate ability.

LICENSE IN ENGLISH RHYME—II.

STANFORD UNIVERSITY,
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Thus far, then, we are led to the conclusion that the attempt to set up the rule in English that "no rhyme but a perfect rhyme is ever worth a poet's while" is both impractical and without historical warrant. It is impractical from the very nature of language. Doubtless a poet could, with sufficient painstaking, be consistent in his own practice; but if he is going to train his ear to demand absolute perfection of rhyme, he will soon be reduced, for unalloyed pleasure, to the reading of his own verses. It is without historical warrant, because few poets seem to have regarded exactness of rhyme as a desirable ideal, and scarcely one since Chaucer has come measurably near to consistency in practice. This license of "allowable rhymes" regarded as a departure from some definite rule has been mostly a fiction of writers on poetics and makers of rhyming dictionaries, from King James down. It is the system-makers, carried away by their passion for reducing everything to uniformity, who have tried to dictate to the poets, whose verses, to be sure, if they observed uniformity, would have inestimable value as a criterion of old pronunciation to philologists a thousand years hence. We may not convert the system-makers; men who, like Dr. Guest, talk solemnly of this or that poet's "sinning," and declare that "the blunders of no writer, however eminent, should weigh with us as authority," are scarcely open to conversion. But the question may be safely left with the lay reader: Shall we take Spenser and

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Milton and Shelley and Browning and Tennyson and Poe as our authorities, or George Puttenham and Dr. Guest and Prof. Matthews?

The most important consideration—the æsthetic value of "imperfect" rhymes—remains. It might seem to be already settled. When a prosodist in search of "pure rhymes" is forced to point to "the learned Sir William Jones," the heretical doubt is suggested whether a pure rhymer be a dispenser of unadulterated æsthetic delights. If Poe and Tennyson liked the echo of *floods* and *woods*, of *unholy* and *melancholy*, I take it that the sooner I can cultivate a similar liking, the better for me. It is idle to say that the poets have not employed such rhymes with full approval. It may be admitted that the most musical poets have sometimes, in straits, written rhymes which they would not commend for imitation. But that will not account for the numberless recurrences of certain imperfect rhymes. It may be admitted, too, that certain rhymes, once good, have now and then, after a change of pronunciation, continued to lead a conventional existence for a time on the supposed suffrage of earlier poets. But that will not account for the steady growth in favor of certain rhymes, nor for the continuation of some to the exclusion of others. If *blood* and *mood* and *have* and *grave* live on, why have *take* and *speak*, *desert* and *heart*, *find* and *joined*, also at certain times or in certain localities perfect rhymes, been abandoned? There is but one answer: certain dissonances have approved themselves to the poet's ear, while others have not.

Imperfect rhymes may be in themselves musical. There is a degree of positive pleasure in all rhymes. Many of the happiest effects of both poetry and prose are due to the conscious or subconscious presence of subtle rhymes. Take this passage from Swinburne's "Triumph of Time":

> The low downs lean to the sea, the stream,
> One loose, thin, pulseless, tremulous vein,
> Rapid and vivid and dumb as a dream,
> Works downward, sick of the sun and the rain.

A susceptible ear must find a keen delight in the delicate rhyme of *downs* and *lean*, *sea* and *stream*, *loose* and *pulseless*, *rapid* and *vivid*, *dumb* and *dream*. Why then must end-rhymes have always a certain fulness in order to yield pleasure?

Indeed, a most serious objection to the requirement would lie in its sweeping uniformity, its levelling tendency. Variety in poetry, as in all things, means life, and monotony means death. A slight divergence or disagreement of vowel-color in a rhyme may give it a new zest. Even granting that such a divergence constituted a positive discord, the poet might still defend his use of it as comparable to the musician's introduction of discord for the sake of heightening the effect of the perfect harmony to come. The spirit of English poetry, except in its most barren, rule-bound periods, has led it to seek variety. The terrible monotony of the metres and coupled rhymes of Pope's day is a standing warning. Inversion of feet, substitution, slurring, have been employed by masters of rhythm from Marlowe and Milton to Rossetti and Swinburne. And these same poets have avoided monotony of rhyme as they have avoided monotony of rhythm. Almost totally discarding identical rhyme to begin with, which renders French and Italian poetry so often distasteful to English ears, they have ended by frankly recognizing the principle of approximate assonantal or consonantal rhyme, with a frequent felicity of effect that justifies the liberty.

Of course we must recognize degrees and observe due bounds in our license. Reason in all things, says the old proverb. Mr. Brander Matthews, in the article cited above, failing to remember that he himself had been willing to admit such slight imperfection as *Devon* and *Heaven*, is disposed to argue that our rule must be hard and fast because the admission of one imperfection will lead to others, and there is no stopping this side of *hear* and *wood-pecker*, *Pleiades* and *slides*. We may dismiss the argument with the smile it was intended to provoke. It is of a piece with his argument against eye-rhymes as forcing our acceptance of *clean* and *ocean*, *plague* and *ague*. Such absurd extensions were never contemplated. Mr. Matthews refuses to distinguish between degrees, and intimates that a miss is as good as a mile. But we know better; and even those who feel these things to be imperfections forced upon poets by the paucity of our rhymes, might well overlook them rather than cool the ardor or check the onward rush of a Shelley in the fever of composition. Your inelastic man is likely to be most uncomfortable, in ethics as in poetics, whether he be a preacher who insists that to steal a cooky is as bad as to rob a bank, or a school-teacher who does not know when it is politic to wink at the peccadilloes of a mischievous charge. The mischievous charge may be allowed to titter now and then without any certainty that he will end on the gallows. Because I rhyme *come* with *home*, and *river* with *ever*, is no reason why I shall some day find music in the wedding of *Mamelukes* and *parallax*.

What bounds shall we set to the license? It is difficult to say. There seems to be no reason for setting definite bounds. The matter may be safely left to take care of itself. There is a system of checks and balances at work in the realm of art as in the realm of nature. The poet must find the golden mean between rule and license, and by his success in that we measure his artistic triumph. Tastes will, of course, differ greatly, and while it seems worth while to add here in conclusion a somewhat definite demarcation of the bounds of the license, it must be regarded as an observed demarcation and in no sense a prescribed one. If personal preference creeps in, it is offered only for what it is worth.

Cases of extremely imperfect rhymes, like the forced double and triple rhymes of Byron's "Don Juan" (*appendix, index; laureate, Tory at, are ye at*) or Browning's "Pied Piper" or "Flight of the Duchess" (*office, trophies; from mice, promise; ins-and-outs, thin sand doubts*), need not be considered. They are mainly *tours de force*, most properly used in humorous or grotesque poetry, since their chief merit is their difficulty and they serve to amuse rather than to please. Restricting consideration only to those imperfect rhymes that have been more or less freely employed by all poets, we may divide them into three classes—rhymes in which the consonants are not identical, rhymes in which the vowels are not identical, and light rhymes, or rhymes upon a syllable having only a light or secondary stress. The first class—rhymes in which the consonants following the rhyming vowels are not identical—are the least common, which may be taken as evidence of general disfavor. Perhaps there is dislike of having the rhyme interrupted after it is begun. Perhaps, too, no one will tolerate a wide divergence of consonant sounds. Even the nasals, which are so close together that every unpractised versifier insists on rhyming *time* and *thine*, are rarely thus linked by poets; Spenser's *straine*, *became*, and Rossetti's *win*, *him*, being quite exceptional. The only different consonants commonly mated are voiced and voiceless fricatives: *s, z; th, th;* and more rarely *f, v;* thus, *sees, peace; breathe, wreath; love, enough*. Greater licenses are sometimes taken in double and triple rhymes, as in Spenser's *shepherd, better'd;* Shakspere's *broken, open;* Swinburne's *linger, singer;* or Mrs. Browning's *Eden; heeding; silence, islands; panther, saunter; trident, silent; know from, snow-storm; angels, candles*. Here, however, we are getting into the region of mere assonance or mere consonance.

The second class—rhymes in which only the vowel sounds differ—comprises a large number of almost universally used rhymes, of which *love* and *prove*, *charm* and *warm* may be taken as types. It is certain that many ears find these both in themselves satisfying rhymes and further welcome as a relief from the monotony of regular rhymes. That vowel-difference does not constitute so marked a departure from exact rhyme as consonant-difference seems to be due to the fact that all vowel sounds have a similarity of utterance, so that any two vowels do in a sense rhyme, of which the old alliterative practice in regard to vowels is strong evidence. Further, given two vowels that are nearly alike, and follow them up with a semi-vocalic *r* or a nasal or any consonant whose sound can be prolonged, and you have a combination that is musical and satisfying. There is more real rhyme in *mourn* and *burn* than in the more exactly corresponding but shorter and weaker *sip* and *lip*. And if the poet considers the effect of vowel-gradation, the consequent cadence is often more beautiful than any exact similarity could possibly be. In several lines cited above to show the musical effect of subtle half-rhymes, there is another exquisite musical effect which is to be traced to a felicitous gradation of vowels: ă ĭ ŭ ē, ow ĭ ŭ ā—

> Răpid and vĭvid and dŭmb as a drēam
> Works downward, sĭck of the sŭn and the rāin.

In like manner the gradation of vowel sounds in rhyme-words may be extremely euphonious. We must content ourselves with two or three examples:

> Oh yet we trust that somehow *good*
> Will be the final goal of ill,
> To pangs of nature, sins of will,
> Defects of doubt, and taints of *blood*.
>
> Her care is not to part and *prove;*
> She takes, when harsher moods remit,
> What slender shade of doubt may flit,
> And makes it vassal unto *love*.
>
> Outside it must be winter among *men;*
> For at the gold bars of the gates *again*
> I heard all night and all the hours of it
> The wind's wet wings and fingers drip with *rain*.

The last example suggests that there is a situation in which this imperfect rhyme is peculiarly effective—that is, where more than two words rhyme; where, there being a sufficiency of rhyme already, another perfect rhyme is not called for or might even seem excessive. A striking example is Swinburne's "Faustine," a poem of forty-one quatrains, each ending with the word *Faustine*. After half a dozen rhyme-words like *lean, queen, clean, sheen*, we welcome a change

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to *thin, kin, sin,* etc. Or take another case of three rhyme-words:

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives *forever;*
That dead men rise up *never;*
That even the weariest *river*
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

The third class is that in which light syllables rhyme, or are rhymed with fully stressed syllables. These too have generally approved themselves to poets, who even venture upon a slight wrenching of accents to secure this kind of rhyme, as in *sing, tha'nksgivi"ng; her, ha'rp-playe"r.* But there are limitations. In the matter of wrenching accents, we scarcely find *givi'ng, flowe'r,* though we find *tha'nksgivi"ng, su'nflowe"r.* In the latter case, it is a change of a secondary accent only that is at stake, a change which in such compounds is made easy by the natural tendency in our language to avoid two successive stressed syllables. One may rather like to have a poet compel him to pronounce *mermaiden me'rmaide"n.* So, too, if we can follow Keats and Rossetti and Swinburne in their liking for the rhyme *dwell, desirable,* we will follow still more gladly when, by the interposition of another light syllable, the rhyme is *dwell, memorable; sea, amorously;* and one may very much dislike the rhyme *stable, memorable.* In short, the shifting of secondary accents is a light matter.

But apart from this there are still limitations to the effective use of light rhymes. It should be noted first that there are some final syllables getting but a secondary stress that are yet so heavy in themselves as scarcely to come within the definition of light syllables. Such are the final syllables of words like *Minotaur, widowhood, portraiture.* It would be a pity to deprive poets of such rhymes as *him, cherubim; sent, blandishment.* If objection arise at all, it must arise in the case of weaker syllables. But some of these are essentially musical. The word *musical* itself, for example, or *coronal,* or *festival,* pairs easily with *fall* or *call,* especially if we allow a fuller articulation to be forced upon the words by such rhyming. Not that we should make them exact rhymes by pronouncing *festiva'l,* but there can be no harm in giving words a somewhat fuller sound in poetry for rhyme's sake than they would ordinarily have. So with final *ed; head, tenanted.* Of course the poet must not forego the requirements of art; he must see that the word be vital and organic enough to bear the enforcement of such pronunciation and of any rhyme at all. The pairing of two such words (as *festival, Bacchanal*) is in questionable taste. And when the syllables are still weaker, as when Tennyson pairs *philosophy* and *Arcady,* the case becomes worse. Such weak endings are better paired with stressed syllables only, and even then, when the endings are so weak as the suffixes *ness* or *ly,* they are very ineffective if they precede the word they rhyme with. They do not make good rhyme-givers. But when they stand in the second place they may be effective, because of the cadence, the dying fall they give to the verse. This will be felt still more if two full rhyme-words precede. Mark the cadence of such a triplet as this by Whittier:

Ah, cruel fate, that closed to thee,
Oh sleeper by the northern sea,
The gates of opportunity.

Let it be repeated, in closing, that the whole subject is a delicate one, lying in the field of æsthetics, and not to be treated in a positive or dogmatic spirit. The poets themselves are the only legislators, and while a poet may sometimes give us offence by thrusting upon us an ancient rhyme like *eye, liberty,* or a Hudibrastic one like *false, tails,* we must content ourselves with a smile rather than a frown.

ALPHONSO G. NEWCOMER.

AN AMERICAN IN LONDON IN 1835.

SIR: When recently engaged in writing the life of Edward Gibbon Wakefield, founder of the colonies of South Australia and New Zealand, the advantage I derived from the correspondence of Francis Place, the celebrated political tailor and disciple of Jeremy Bentham, induced me to look into some of the numerous folio scrap-books, full of cuttings from newspapers and other printed matter illustrative of the social condition of the people, which he bequeathed to the British Museum. On taking one of them down, the paper of which I enclose a transcript fell out. I forward it to you for publication if you see fit, hoping that you may be as much interested as myself in the nocturnal adventures of an impulsive, good-hearted American, too devoid of the historical sense to admire Westminster Abbey, but chivalrous as a Knight of the Round Table, and emphatically one of Nature's gentlemen. His narrative has, moreover, genuine literary worth from the picture it conveys of a wet night in London, and the glimpse it affords of the condition of the London poor. It is exceedingly to be regretted that all his other notes of a residence in England, extending over nine months, should have been destroyed by him. If as racy and graphic as this estray, they would have formed a volume of singular interest.

The writer's name would have been unknown but for Mr. Place's endorsement on the MS., which appears to have been sent to him some months after it was written, together with a list of books borrowed and returned, and the note I have transcribed for publication, which is written on a blank leaf. I read the name Robert Hunnesley Blak, but "Robert" might be "Roberts," "Moberts," or "Shoberts;" "Hunnesley" might be "Hannesley," and "Blak" must be an error for "Black," or less probably "Blake." It would appear that Dr. Black must have remained in England for some time after February, 1835, but the books would probably be returned on the eve of his departure. As the State to which he belonged is mentioned, it should not be impossible to trace him.

The election of Mr. Abercromby as Speaker, mentioned at the beginning of Dr. Black's narrative, was a highly important event, being the first test of the strength of parties in the new Parliament.

I remain, dear sir, yours very truly,

R. GARNETT.

BRITISH MUSEUM, January 9, 1899.

By Dr. ROBERT HUNNESLEY BLAK
from Kentucky
Some time after his arrival in London.

Some time since I kept a diary of such matters as suited not my intended book on England. Two months ago I made up my mind to burn them and did so—except, as I now find, this one of the night of Feby 19th last which being in a blue book escaped.

Feb.y 19th 1835. London.
At 7 ok to M. [orning] N. [ews] Office. [344, Strand.]

Abercromby elected! — maj. 10 votes. Saw several conservatives dispirited, petulant, some morose and silent.

I laughed at them—they bore it. To two of them I had predicted the result of the election. To them I prophesied again (for I had twice before deliv[d] it) that this session would bring great excitement and give rise to political discussions wholly new to the general community—excitement differing from that of any previous time in having in it far more intelligence and less passion. They thought otherwise, indeed, laughed at what I said—I laughed at their blindness. A few months will shew which was right—they or I. One of them, a very young man, connected with the newspaper press said—'The people are mad—there is, I really think, more excitement about the election of Speaker, than there was about the passage of the Reform bill.' I said . . . you yourself furnish proof of what I predict!

When I got into the street I found it crowded with people, (where I was being in the neighborhood of the Newspaper offices) although it rained very hard and blew harder than on any day since my arrival in England in May last.

As I entered my door in Leicester square, I found standing under the portico—or stoop, a female who had stopt there for protection from the rain. My American thought, was to ask her in; but that would not do in London. I spoke to her, and soon perceived from her countenance, voice, and language that she was not a pad—but some poor melancholy being. I enquired if she lived far off?—'in Westminster.' I asked, in tones which I suppose communicated what I felt, if she had a family—*a child.* How old?—*four years.* Is any one with it?—*I do not know, perhaps not.* If you will wait a moment I will bring out my umbrella, and see you a part at least of y[r] way home. Thank you Sir, said the poor woman, in a voice that I will swear came from an honest heart. We may play false with every thing else, but not with the voice—we are too unconscious of its elements and their combinations to play the hypocrite to any perfection with it.

I got my umbrella (which is very large), took her arm and saw her home. The wind blew so fiercely that it was sometimes impossible to carry the U[a] stretch'd, and the rain fell—or flew rapidly upon the pavement and upon all in the streets.

Our way led us through Haymarket past the splendid club houses—and by the Palace—like Terraces between which stands the monument to one of England's greatest rascals,* down the steps from this monument into St. James's Park through which we past. Here the gay lights dispersed around this beautiful place—shone like mere dots in the dark and dreary expanse over which the wind blew so excessively hard as to make our walking difficult. Few persons were passing—the military centries were all in their boxes—against one tree, whose branches like those of all the trees, whistled in the wind, stood an old man in a cloak, and before him a young woman whom he was sheltering from the wind and rain. We past close to them and by the light of a lamp near could distinguish their features. The inclemency of the night made them and my companion totally unheedful of each other. We soon left the Park surrounded with its magnificent dwellings and after a while reached —— Street—blazing in light from the shops lit up by gaz. Busy and cheerful trade, unmindful of wind or rain, kept its accustomed display. From this we turned two or three times, through small and darker streets (for in London all streets are well lighted) until we reached her abode. On our way we had scarcely spoken to each other. The fierce wind—the pelting rain, the wet

*H. R. H. the Duke of York.

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ground and pavements gave our thoughts too much employment notwithstanding, she, poor thing, had doubtless enough of misery—and I an abundance of speculation to indulge.

At her door I said—'Shall I go in?' *Do come in a moment*—perhaps the rain will abate—for you must be very wet. I was not for I had thick shoes and a big coat on. But I went in—perhaps more from curiosity than proper feelings—for my pockets were almost as empty as hers. She took me into a little back room on the first floor. There burned—and hardly burned a small coal fire—by it sat on the floor her child playing with pieces of rags and bits of broken crockery arranged on a chair without a back.

The moment the mother entered it sprang to meet her—but seeing me, put on its little wondering look and stood silent and close to its mother. 'This is a sad place, Sir, said the woman, to bring you into—but by your kindness and your behaviour to me I know you can make allowances.' *I told her that was all nothing* and took a chair. The little ragged baby whispered its conversation to its mother, while I surveyed the room. Near the fire was an old square deal table—another half-round on which stood a tin cup, a sort of Glass case stood near one wall, in one corner was a low bed, covered with a faded print quilt or spread; in another corner was a small trunk, on which lay a frock, in different parts of the room were four or five chairs, in various states of dilapidation, over the mantle piece was pasted and hung up twenty or thirty small pictures, chiefly coloured prints—some bad—some pretty good; on the hearth lay a frying pan, a piece of tin which evidently served for a shovel and a rod of iron for a poker. There was a closet, which I supposed, contained some things—but little did the poor woman's room offer to the eyes.

'Come here, dear,' said I to the child, and it came instantly to me. It was a beautiful little creature—but nearly all young children are. I talked to it and played with its graceful little hands—and it readily began to move the joints of my fingers. The poor little thing saw that I was its friend and was at once assured. I gave it two pennies. The moment it clasped them, it darted to its mother, but just as it reached her lap, it drew back, and said pouringly—'you shan't have it'—'Don't be a saucy girl.' 'Yes you shall have it,' said the little creature, 'and I'll go and ask Mary to buy you some gin with it—shan't I?' She drew the child to her and gave her a slap that brought tears and sobs.

The two things I hate most in man or woman, but especially in woman, was this poor woman guilty of—drinking and of beating children—in a moment my sympathy was changed into pity and disgust—and I left the house.

Returning by Westminster Abbey, I thought of all the foolery, all the robbery, and all the rascality connected with that ugly and venerated pile of barbarism.

In Parliament Street I met quite a genteel looking young female, alone and without an umbrella, she was hastening along at a tremendously rapid pace. I got a glimpse of her face which appeared to be very pretty. I turned—overtook her—held my umbrella over her, and then asked her to allow me to protect her with it from the rain. She seemed quite at a loss what to do and scarcely answered me. I took her manner for assent and kept on by her side—talking as much as the wind and rain and wet pavements would allow. She crossed Westminster bridge. The wind here blew furiously, and once we were compelled to stop in a recess till the blow passed by. At last her tongue began and went, rapidly and sensibly. Just as we got over the bridge she said, 'You are going Sir, perhaps, far out of you way.' 'Exactly in it, if I am in the slightest degree serviceable to you.' 'You are'—and she stopt speaking evidently not knowing whether to turn me back or not. I said—'will you allow me to be very candid and tell you why I put my umbrella over you and why I still keep it above your head?' 'Yes.' 'The truth is that I was going beyond Charing Cross when I met you, but a glimpse of your face caused to flash upon me the thought that some accident had placed alone in this inclement night, a young lady who deserved protection from rain and from insult too, and that I would at least offer that protection as politely and as gently as I knew how whether it were accepted or not.' 'You are — very kind and I thank you very much indeed.' I asked her for her arm which she rather reluctantly gave me. But we got into chat and notwithstanding the night of wind and rain she talked as wittily as any one I ever heard—sorry am I that I can not now three hours after, put down any part of it with the slightest hope of success. We travelled on some distance and took the right hand street from the bridge.

[Here a diagram.]

She had undergone a chapter of accidents—and had ventured alone through that night lest her parents should be uneasy about her. She would not tell me her name, her residence, or any one particular about herself. She said she hoped that we might meet by some accident, because altogether I had behaved strangely but so respectfully and kindly that she was bound to wish to see me hereafter to shew me that she really thanked me for my politeness—but that she would not tell me any thing about herself nor hear my name or residence (which I offered to tell her) because that would be making an acquaintance contrary not only to rules of propriety but to her parents' feelings. I told her that she was a good girl—to remain so—and to tell her parents what had past (that I will sd she)—

At length she sd 'now you must go no further with me—because indeed you must not know where I live.' 'Indeed,' said I, 'I do not desire it under existing circumstances, for pretty, and witty, and good tempered as I am sure you are. I esteem your respect for your parents' instructions and feelings far more—*so good bye.*' And away she tripped.

I returned over Waterloo bridge. The wind increased—the rain increased, the pavements swam in water—and I reached home at ten o'clock like a drowned rat.

A TRIBUTARY OF THE SEINE.

PARIS, January 12, 1899.

M. Huysmans was one of the early friends of Zola, and a contributor to the 'Soirées de Médan,' a collection of stories which made a great noise at the time of its appearance on account of its scandalous impropriety. M. Huysmans was then one of the apostles of the realistic school; he was coarse *con amore;* he had a studied vulgarity of thought and expression. Of late years he must have experienced grace; a great change had come over him. He wrote first a novel called 'En Route'; he was on the way to conversion. It was, however, difficult to make out whether the author was sincere or not. Here again the imitation of Zola was apparent, and if Zola had not written his 'Lourdes,' very likely 'En Route' would never have been written. The doubt which this last book left in the mind was dispelled by a new work called 'La Cathédrale.' Here the disciple had evidently gone further than the master. If 'The Cathedral' was meant to deceive its readers, the attempt was really successful; but we would rather believe that there is no attempt to deceive in it—that the author's conversion is now complete. His journey has brought him to the Church, and there he has found complete rest.

Huysmans, in his 'Cathedral,' still follows the method of his master. When Zola undertakes a subject, he surrounds himself with all the technical works which belong to it; he introduces in his story all these details, often without having quite mastered their character. He likes to appear encyclopædic, to know the names of all the parts of an engine, of a locomotive, of a mine, of all farm implements; all the locutions of the market and the shop; all the slang of the Bourse, etc. This method helps him give an air of reality to his characters. Huysmans, following this same method, must have surrounded himself with volumes of mediæval architecture before beginning his cathedral. He must have read all the "bestiaires" which explain the sense of the figures found in the Gothic churches. But, more than this, he studied carefully the history of all the monastic orders, convents, and nunneries; and in this way he prepared the elements of a work which as a novel is very uninteresting, but which will be read with curiosity by those who make the development of religious ideas a concern.

I would now only call attention to a volume which has interested me, I confess, infinitely more than the symbolism of 'The Cathedral" or the theology of 'En Route.' It has for its title 'La Bièvre et Saint-Sévérin,' and may be added to the collection of works on old Paris. There is already a large number of documents on the ancient streets, quarters, monuments of the old city, which was confined at first to an island of the Seine, and which, throwing bridges across the river from time to time, expanded by degrees to its present limits. The heart of old "Lutetia" is still in that part of the valley where you can admire Notre Dame, the Sainte-Chapelle, the towers of the Conciergerie, the Louvre, and the Tuileries. Saint-Sévérin belongs to that old part of the city; Saint-Séverin, the old church, dear to the Jansenists, marks nearly the place where the Bièvre, a small affluent of the Seine, joins the great river.

It is not easy to translate the affected style of Huysmans. I must, however, give his own words on the Bièvre:

"The Bièvre represents in our day the most perfect symbol of feminine need exploited by a great city. Born in the pond of Saint-Quentin, near Trappes, it runs, slenderly, in the valley which bears its name; and mythologically you can figure it to yourself incarnated in a very young girl, in a small naïad, still playing under the willows. Like many country-girls, the Bièvre, as soon as it arrives in Paris, falls into the industrial snares. Stripped of her grassy vesture, of her rural ornaments, she has been obliged to go to work at once, and has exhausted herself in horrible tasks. Surrounded by hard men, she has to go from one to the other, but they all keep her in turn in prison; day and night, she has to wash the dirt from the skin of dead animals, to take care of the wool, of the leather; she has to bear the biting of alum, of chalk, of caustics. How often, behind the Gobelins, in the pestilential smells of ooze, she may be seen, trudging along in the mire, beneath the rays of the moon, crying, stupefied with fatigue, under the tiny arch of a little bridge."

This is not exactly the style of the ordinary guide-book, yet Huysmans's volume is really nothing but a picturesque guide to the valley of the Bièvre. The head of the valley, not far from Versailles, is still in the most rural state; thickly wooded, very solitary, so that you feel in it as if you were a hundred miles from Paris. Port Royal was in that region, and a few remains of it are still to be seen. The place inhabited by the "solitaires" will always be dear to many. The water of the Bièvre was so pure that Oberkampf established on it the first manu-

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factory of cotton prints at Jouy-en-Josas. Napoleon visited it with all his court, wishing to encourage an industry which rivalled that of England. The "toiles de Jouy" became the fashion, and are even now sought after by many people for their pretty designs.

Victor Hugo inhabited for some time the neighborhood of Bièvre, a little place which takes its name from the rivulet. In the "Feuilles d'Automne" you will find a piece entitled "Bièvre":

"Oui, c'est bien le vallon! le vallon calme et sombre!"

Then comes a charming description of the valley, in Victor Hugo's best style and his early manner, with changing rhythm. I will cite only two passages:

"Et dans ce charmant paysage
Où l'esprit flotte, où l'œil s'enfuit,
Le buisson, l'oiseau de passage,
L'herbe qui tremble et qui reluit,
Le vieil arbre que l'âge ploie,
Le donjon qu'un moulin coudoie,
Le ruisseau de moire et de soie,
Le champ où dorment les aïeux,
Ce qu'on voit pleurer et sourire,
Ce qui chante et ce qui soupire,
Ce qui parle et ce qui respire,
Tout fait un bruit harmonieux!"

The second, which ends the piece, is very characteristic of Hugo:

"Et l'on ne songe plus, tant notre âme saisie,
Se perd dans la nature et dans la poésie,
Que tout près, par les bois et les ravins caché,
Derrière le ruban de ces collines bleues,
À quatre de ces pas que nous nommons des lieues,
Le géant Paris est couché!"

The giant Paris is all that interests the less poetical Huysmans. He takes the Bièvre only when it ceases to be "a riband of moire and silk" and becomes a filthy current, is hidden by houses and factories, runs invisible under vaults and bridges, along dark streets which bear strange names, between high walls, through long tanneries, and finally loses itself in sewers.

"Following, in old times, the walls and towers of Paris, which it did not enter, the Bièvre played, here and there on its road, with little mills where it turned wheels; then it amused itself by mirroring the abbey spire in the trembling azure of its waters, and accompanied with its murmur the offices and the hymns, echoing the talk of the monks who walked on its grassy borders. All has disappeared under the action of ages—the convent of the Cordelières, the abbey of St.-Victor, the mills and the trees."

Every Parisian or lover of Paris will read with some pleasure, even in Huysmans's strange style, what concerns the quarters of the capital which surround the Bièvre—the parish of Saint-Sévérin, the Rue de la Harpe, the Rue de la Hachette, the Rue de la Bûcherie, the Place Maubert, the abreuvoir Mâcon, now replaced by the Place St.-Michel, by the Boulevard St.-Germain. Great as have been the changes in those quarters, some parts still remain to testify of them. The churches especially have been respected. The Church of Saint-Julien-le-Pauvre is one of the oldest in Paris. It existed as early as 507; it was ruined in 886 by the Normans, and rebuilt, in the last part of the twelfth century, by the monks of Longpont. Nothing remains now of their cloister; the priory and the chapter were attached in the seventeenth century to the Hôtel Dieu, and the sanctuary where, during the Middle Ages, were held the general assemblies of the University, was abandoned to all sorts of corporations. During the Revolution, the church became a salt-depot. In 1805 Napoleon gave it back to the Hôtel Dieu, and it became the chapel of the dead. The Augustine Sisters, who still care for the sick in the Hôtel Dieu, used to take the veil and to pronounce their vows in it. It was finally, about ten years ago, given to the United Greek Church. M. Huysmans gives a very accurate and detailed account of this poor little church, which, from the outside, looks like a small country chapel; he also describes the Greek service, which is after the liturgy of Saint John Chrysostom. I had never read such an elaborate comparison of the Greek and the Roman mass. Huysmans evidently thinks that this intrusion of the East into the parish of St.-Sévérin is an absurdity; he would like to see the chapel given back to the popular order, such as the Franciscans, whose mission is to take care of the people. The inhabitants of this poor quarter never enter the church of St.-Julien-le-Pauvre; and, if they do by chance, they do not understand the service.

St.-Julien-le-Pauvre is unknown even to Parisians. St.-Sévérin, though it is almost concealed by new houses, is still often visited, and it deserves to be. Nothing remains of the oratory dedicated to St.-Sévérin in the sixth century. It was burned by the Normans; it was rebuilt in the eleventh century, and again destroyed; the existing church was built piecemeal from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. During the Revolution, it became a depot of saltpetre and powder; the nineteenth century saved it, and added to it a delicate door, taken from the church of St.-Pierre-aux-Bœufs, demolished in 1837, as well as stained-glass windows coming from St.-Germain-des-Prés. The church itself, the nave, the apse, are very good and delicate specimens of architecture; some of the chapels have an exquisite ornamentation. The church was once very rich, and is now very poor. Huysmans cites curious customs of the Middle Ages attached to this church. It was the habit of women who had been confined to hear their first mass in it when they were able to go out, and a great mantle was kept in the church to be thrown over their shoulders. Travellers starting on a journey used also to go and pray in St.-Sévérin to St. Martin, the patron of travellers on horseback. The students who came on horseback to Paris from the provinces were expected to make a visit to St.-Sévérin.

St.-Sévérin became one of the centres of Jansenism, but Huysmans, who has become intensely orthodox, as is natural in all converts, tells us very little about the Jansenists who lived in its cloister and were buried in its vaults. He seems surprised at the persistence of heresy in St.-Sévérin, where the worship of the Virgin Mary had long been very ardent; even after the Revolution, in 1807, when St.-Sévérin became again a church, the Jansenists succeeded in having Joseph Baillet, a fervent disciple of Port Royal, appointed its curate. Jansenism survived there till 1869, but there is no trace of it left at this time.

Correspondence.

A CITIZEN TO THE SENATE.

SENATORS: The pinch of the war with Spain will begin to be felt within two years. When that pinch comes, there will be no ninety men in the United States, excepting the President, who will be regarded as so accountable for its consequences as yourselves. A large part of the American people believe now, and a great many more will believe then, that the sequences of the war ought to be no greater than the necessity of the case requires. To the end that there may be a clear record for future reference of what you may do, and of what they want you not to do, we now formulate their chief objections:

First. They object to a large standing army. They believe that a standing army in time of peace is a poor place for the American citizen. They object to a man being taken from the field of industry and thrift and usefulness and set to doing nothing, and five other men being set to work to furnish him with food and clothes and lodging and transportation and arms and ammunition, and his proportionate cost of a great military establishment. In time of war Americans will volunteer to fight, and will uncomplainingly endure hardship and suffering and neglect and injustice such as would be submitted to by no other soldiers in the world. In time of peace the American loathes the idleness and monotony and constraint and confinement of a fort or barracks. As you are aware, desertions during recent years of peace have been so numerous as to cause serious solicitude in military circles; and it has not been an easy task to keep our little army supplied with good recruits. When it comes to an army five times as large, and for service in what we now consider foreign lands, where the men will be practically imprisoned in unhealthy climates, it may be reasonably assumed either that the pay of the army and the cost of the military establishment will be vastly increased, or that we must come down to the source of supply of those foreign governments which some of you are desirous of emulating—*conscription*. Still more will they object to a great standing army of foreign mercenaries. In these days of Mauser rifles and smokeless powder and dynamite shells and long-range artillery and range-finders, a standing army is a fearful machine to be moved by the hand of one man. Such a machine is intrinsically a menace to liberty. We must recognize the fact that the day of "the embattled farmers" has passed.

Second. They object to the introduction into this commonwealth of semi-civilized millions of the inferior races. The inferior races have been the bane of the American people since the beginning—the source of all their national troubles. If the negroes of the South had been white slaves, as were the slaves of the Roman Empire, slavery would have died of itself before the century began and there would be now no antagonistic classes in the South. If the Indians had been Caucasians, they would have made peace long ago, and, like our brethren of the South, would have melted into the body-politic and become stanch and patriotic citizens. If the Chinese were of our own blood, they would have acquired our habits and thoughts and ideas, and would now be useful citizens. And the negroes of the South, the Dakotas, the Cheyennes, the Navajos, and the Chinese were incomparably better material for American citizenship, for industry and civilization, than the hordes of treacherous and indolent Malays and Mohammedans that you now contemplate bringing within the responsibilities of the Republic. Americans do not want these people—as to that all men are agreed. They do not want, if you persist in bringing them in, the ugly problem of what their status

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shall be. They do not want to admit them to citizenship; they do not want to exclude them; they do not want to govern them; they do not want to misgovern them. What they want is that all Americans shall be equal before the law, and that the American flag shall be the symbol of American citizenship.

Third. They object to your trying to ride two horses and serve two masters. The Constitution was framed and adopted by our fathers, "To form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defence, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity." *"Ourselves and our posterity"!* Have you never read those words before? We grant that the cession and acquisition of territory is an inherent power of government; we concede that there is no clause in the Constitution which prohibits you from doing this thing; but, taking up the Constitution where our fathers laid it down, we insist that the only trust confided to you is to legislate and to make treaties for the welfare of "ourselves and our posterity." Will it be a blessing to the people who now dwell within the United States and their children if the whole world be ruled from Washington, and the Senate consists of two hundred Senators and the House of a thousand members? If your duty, as you understand it, bids you to confer the hard-won blessings of our liberty upon alien peoples, the path of your duty leads straight across the boundaries of the United States. You may go as missionaries or as soldiers, or in whatever character you please, but so long as you sit in our national capital as a part of our Government, your one official business is to act for the welfare of "ourselves and our posterity."

Fourth. They protest against the false pretence that the Federal Government can extend to distant colonies the blessings of liberty and good government. One of two things is certain, either that you intend to bring these semi-civilized countries into the Union as States, or that the Federal Government will do in these distant colonies what it has never yet done at home. You know that our growth and greatness and advancement and intelligence are due to our American system of general and local government. You know that the Federal Government is only the half of our governmental system, and that it has never more than half-governed when it has governed alone. Look, we beg of you, at the "Century of Dishonor" and the great territory where it is said that every square mile has been needlessly stained with blood. Call to mind the treaties negotiated by the executive branch of the Government and broken by the imbecile procrastination of the legislative. Remember how the Indians were abandoned year after year and decade after decade to the tender mercies of our border ruffians, and how our white women and children were abandoned to the Indians; how the Indians, maddened by hunger and threatened by starvation, rushed upon the settlements while appropriation bills were sleeping in committee-rooms. You have not forgotten how the buffalo were exterminated from the face of the earth in four years, and how, in consequence, we had to spend millions in fighting and feeding the Indians because there was not government enough in Washington to stop the ruthless butchery which tainted the air and made the plains black with rotting carcasses. And now, to-day, in this year of political regard for humanity, is there not the San Carlos Indian Reservation, one of the infernal spots of the earth, a sage-brush desert without a tree, without a blade of grass, with insufficient streams for irrigation, where the thermometer stands at 120° in such shade as can be found, and where dust-storms blow from the arid plains? Have we not, at this time, imprisoned there men bred in the free air of the mountains, men who fought faithfully in our ranks and guarded our public property without a single theft and aided us in subduing their own race, relying upon promises which were to be broken by the Government? Siberia contains no such scene of human wretchedness. A pretty set are we to be sending our knight-errant Government around the world to right the wrongs of those who suffer through misgovernment! Why, the Czar might come over any day and give our rulers lessons in justice and humanity! And then, too, there are the Freedmen. Is it forgotten how they were fooled by the assurances of the National Government into bringing the first earnings of their freedom to Washington and depositing their money in the Freedmen's Bank, and how they were robbed of it within the sight and hearing of Congress by a corporation which seemed to have been chartered by Congress expressly for that purpose? And the unhappy people of the South during the atrocious years of the reconstruction period! The South had no just cause for rebellion in 1861, but between the close of the civil war and the close of the Grant Administration there were wrongs, and cruelties, and indignities enough to justify a dozen rebellions. Civilization itself was overturned by the Federal Government when the most ignorant and degraded and incompetent class of each community was put in charge of the State and allowed to rule and govern the others. "Was it not good enough treatment for rebels?" There were at that time eight women and children to one man in the South. Was it good enough treatment for them?

Fifth. Especially do all true Americans object to and resent the imputation that the American people, under the guidance of Washington, have not heretofore been one of the nations of the earth, and that it is now their duty to take part in the strife and complications of the European political world—which means, as we understand the situation, that our official and political classes, with their usual contingent of lobbyists and contractors, are to take part with the official and political classes of European governments, and that our industrial classes are to pay for it. We believe, as our fathers believed, that the American name has been honorably known in all lands; that American ideas have influenced all peoples; that our great army of industry, if it could be let alone, would compel the disarmament of Europe; that our national progress has been without precedent or parallel; that our national life has been, among international forces, the great moral power of the world; that our national sentiments have been in favor of peace and arbitration and industry and education, of little government, and that little devoted to the welfare of the governed. This example and these sentiments are not to be flung away by those to whom we have intrusted the responsibility of government. We believe, moreover, that there are few things for which we owe more unceasing gratitude to the Father of his Country than for his farewell words bidding us as a nation to pursue our own quiet way. Under the teaching of Washington, the American flag was borne by merchantmen to every port on every sea; under the teaching which seems to greatly influence your action, it is to be borne by subsidized steamers and ships of war, for both of which the industrial classes are to pay. We do not hold the influence of brute force, or (if you prefer it) of military force, an honor. We hold fast to our American ideas, to our American foreign policy, to simplicity of government, to all of those great principles which have made the American nation, without a great army or navy, a commanding power in the troubled and misgoverned world.

A large majority of the American people so think and believe, and will in due time make their thoughts known. When that time comes, there will be no ninety men in the United States, always excepting the President, who will be held to so strict an accountability as yourselves. A CITIZEN.

THE BALANCE-SHEET.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is often said of late that the recent war with Spain was worth all it cost in cementing the North and South closer together and in making our relations with England more friendly. In making this contrast, it is evidently intended to compare moral effects with money cost. Probably few out of the masses of people perceive that there are moral losses as well as gains connected with the war. It seems worth while to enumerate some of these, if for no other reason than to get a juster view of the situation.

International arbitration received a severe blow, and the Czar's disarmament proposals a setback, when the peace-loving United States thought it necessary to fight Spain. The war has left us as a heritage the hatred of all Spaniards, the hardly concealed ill-will of the Continental nations of Europe, and the rapid growth of the hated *militarism* among large numbers of our people.

If our new colonial policy is carried out, it will involve us in the wars and rumors of wars of European diplomacy; it will put us in the position of going back on the Declaration of Independence, with its doctrine that government should always be conducted with the consent of the governed; it will remove the strongest ground for maintaining the Monroe Doctrine; it will raise the question as to the sincerity of our *humanitarianism*, and will even cause us to confuse two of our Lord's beatitudes, making one read, Blessed are the *peacemakers*, for they shall inherit the earth.

Other questions are involved, as the increase of the standing army, and the diffusion of the evils of our civilization, such as the greed for gain, intemperance, and spoils politics, among the conquered races where these evils would be likely to take strong root. The introduction of the drinking habits of this country into Cuba, Porto Rico, and the Philippines might with justice be compared to the forcing of the opium traffic on China.

Fortunately, by retracing our steps as rapidly as possible, giving in the meantime order and good government to the conquered

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provinces, we may avoid much of the evil described. But it is going to cost a vigorous and persistent discussion to secure this result.

JOS. V. COLLINS.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL, STEVENS POINT, WIS.

WAR AND PEACE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In Charles A. Dana's 'Recollections of the Civil War,' p. 167, I have just found a letter from Gen. W. T. Sherman to Mr. Dana, which is so interesting that I beg leave to call your attention to it. It has both literary and historical value. A business letter written by a general from his military headquarters in time of war, it nevertheless rises to literary excellence. It is also a commentary on this same General's famous remark that "War is hell."

The circumstances can be briefly stated. Sherman was trying to feed a large army and accumulate supplies for an important forward movement. But people who desired to reach the front for various laudable reasons, and who brought letters from Washington, were making such demands upon his transportation facilities as seriously to interfere with his military operations. He wrote a letter of earnest remonstrance to Mr. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, then at Washington, and closed with these words:

"In peace there is a beautiful harmony in all the departments of life—they all fit together like the Chinese puzzle; but in war all is ajar, nothing fits, and it is the struggle between the stronger and weaker; and the latter, however it may appeal to the better feelings of our nature, must kick the beam. To make war, we must and will harden our hearts. Therefore, when preachers clamor and the sanitaries wail, don't join in, but know that war, like the thunderbolt, follows its laws, and turns not aside even if the beautiful, the virtuous and charitable stand in its path. When the day and hour comes, I'll strike Joe Johnston, be the result what it may; but in the time allotted to me for preparation, I must and will be selfish in making those preparations which I know to be necessary."

FREDERICK W. MOORE.

VANDERBILT UNIVERSITY, January 26, 1899.

A TEMPERED LIFE TENURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Referring to a paragraph in the *Nation* of January 19, 1899, wherein the "virtual life tenure of judgeships" in Vermont is favorably noticed, it may be well to qualify the compliment by the proviso that judges who do not decide questions favorably to railroad companies are excepted from life tenure. Compare the case of Judge Barrett.

F. J. P.

MR. STILLMAN AND THE "CRISPIANS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I must, in justice to Signor Crispi as well as to myself, disclaim the honor which your friendly reviewer of 'The Union of Italy' puts on me, of being the exponent of the party of which Crispi is supposed to be the head, or of his views of Italian politics. In the first place, there is no such party. Crispi was, many years ago, the effective head of the "party of action"; but since I have known him he has never had a following for his personal views, so far as I know them, of half a score of Deputies. His strength has been in the popular voice and vote, but what his views are on other topics than that of the relations between England and Italy and the Abyssinian policy (as to which I disagree with him), I do not know. I have never been intimate with him or in his confidence, except in momentary crises, like that of the affair of the French consulate at Florence, the tentative reconciliation by the Pope through Padre Tosti, and the convention for the Kassala frontier in 1890, in which instances he desired the support of the *Times*. Crispi is extremely reticent and taciturn, and, so far from admitting me generally into his confidence, he has repeatedly refused to be interviewed by me; and what I know of his policy, except in the cases I have mentioned, I have gathered from his acts and public declarations. Above all, it is necessary that I should declare that I have never discussed with him the statesmen or the policy of the past—I don't think I ever heard him mention the name of Cavour, hardly of Garibaldi; nor did I ever talk with him of the revolution of 1860 in Sicily and Naples. And so far as I had any party sympathies in Italian affairs, they were with the Right; and the man with whom I have the most sympathy is Sonnino. To suppose, then, that I represent in any way the political tendencies of any party, and especially those of Crispi, is to make him responsible for the view taken in my book and do him the greatest injustice. The "Bill of Grievances," of which your reviewer speaks as "drawn by the Crispians against France," was not that of the "Crispians," but of all Italy; and, with the exception of the intrigues in Abyssinia, they were all in evidence before Crispi came to power or had any leading influence. The true father of the Triple Alliance was Gen. Robilant, who was of the Right and a true statesman.

So far as there were any "views" expressed in my book (and I tried to limit myself to the narration of facts and their logical consequences) they are my own, and, so far as I know, they do not agree with those of any of the Italian publicists or historians, certainly not with those of Villari, Chiala, Bersezio, La Farina, or Signora Mario, who are the main authorities on Italian history. With regard to the facts, I am, of course, indebted to them and others, especially to Tivaroni; for the opinions based on those facts I am personally and entirely responsible. I am nobody's advocate, and nobody's defender or antagonist except where I believe that I correct misrepresentation, as in Crispi's case, in which, from purely partisan motives, misrepresentation has been so great as to pervert the history of the time. In fact, the most common objection to 'The Union of Italy' made by the English critics has been that it lacks warmth and color. But how could I give it warmth and color without departing from the severe impartiality which I had imposed on myself? I began my study of the epoch with the warmest sympathy for Carlo Alberto, but the facts dispelled it. I still retain the highest admiration for Cavour, but it does not prevent me from seeing that he made mistakes; and the enthusiasm I felt for Mazzini in my days of participation in conspiracy did not resist the evidence which accumulated that he was a dreamer whose influence in Italian affairs was disastrous from beginning to the end, and that he had no judgment or political foresight.

I wish that your reviewer had quoted the passage on which he founded his assertion that I "imply that the Italians inherited from Cavour their much-deplored subservience to France." The exiles, including most of the men who in later times have controlled popular feeling, and all the republicans and revolutionaries, refused to follow Cavour in his alliance with France under Napoleon III., and the "subservience to France" dates from the time of Depretis, Mancini, and Cairoli. I have said (p. 364) "the *immemorial* predisposition of the Italian *people* to regard the French as a friendly Power"—an expression which distinctly excludes any such hypothesis as that this predisposition was an inheritance from Cavour; and (p. 393), "The Italy to which Cavour aspired was an enlarged Piedmont, and, so far as the differences of nature permitted, he desired to make it a new England." So long as Napoleon III. was on the throne there was no "subservience," but hostility, ill concealed.

But in that passage of the review in which Cavour and Crispi are put in contrast there is a distortion of what I have said which has no excuse. As to my judgment that Cavour was a poor judge of men, I have the authority of some who knew him personally, which I never did; the case of Crispi and Garibaldi was only a case in point. What I criticised was not a question of "refusal to hand Sicily and Naples over to Crispi in 1860," but of driving Garibaldi by intrigues out of the kingdom which he had conquered for Victor Emmanuel, and over which Cavour had not the slightest moral right of control—it was sheer usurpation of the fruits of other men's labors. It was unjust, it was impolitic, and the event has shown that it was ruinous to the completion of Italy, and that Garibaldi had a prevision which Cavour had not. No one would compare Garibaldi or Crispi with Cavour as statesman; and Crispi is even a worse judge of men than was Cavour; but we must remember that Cavour had with him the mass of the patriotic men who made Italy, and a strong King who knew his duty to the country, though, of the list of men quoted by your reviewer, Ricasoli, Farini, and Minghetti are the only ones fit to be placed in the same rank as Crispi. Supported by all the moral influence of a generation of patriots, and governing the least turbulent half of Italy, Cavour could well dispense with martial law, while Crispi, in 1893, being refused the assistance of all the heads of groups (for there were no more parties or chiefs) except Sonnino, had to fight, not only a growing insurrection, but secret attacks from Court, Church, and the revolutionary element, united in personal hostility to him, with nothing but public opinion and the army to depend on. And the army, to its honor be it said, has always been true to Italy, for it has been educated in the traditions of the old Piedmont. To understand the politics of Italy to-day or to pronounce judgment on Crispi's "administrative ability," one must have lived in Rome when he was in power and understand the partisan rancor which is tearing the state into fragments, for such is the present fury of factional antagonism that ministries strike hands with the Vatican, or with the revolution, to keep in power. And when, in 1893, the whole country was calling on Crispi as the only strong man, and (I speak of what I saw and heard) many of the most conservative Italians united with the moderates in the call, and he was urged to assume dictatorial powers even by some of his own ministry,

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the King himself (so I was assured by a conservative Deputy fresh from a royal audience) being ready to grant them, he refused, saying that "he was an old man with few years to live, but he would not set an example of violation of the Constitution." But neither Crispi, nor Cavour with Victor Emmanuel to back him, could have governed Italy in 1893 without martial law and the state of siege, and even with them there were days when the issue seemed doubtful. It is all very well to belittle the dangers past, but I do not forget, and Italy ought not, that to Crispi's iron will we then owed the speedy solution of the question, "to be or not to be," for the House of Savoy. Cavour was a great parliamentary statesman, Crispi a great revolutionary statesman; each was past master in his line.—Yours truly,

W. J. STILLMAN.

W. BOURNEMOUTH, ENG., January 16, 1899.

Notes.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. will publish in the near future Carlyle's letters to his younger sister, Mrs. Jane Hadding; a Life of Thaddeus Stevens, by Samuel W. McCall; a Life of Edwin M. Stanton, by George C. Gorham; 'Fields, Factories, and Workshops,' by Prince Peter Kropotkin; 'A Federation of the World,' by Dr. Benjamin F. Trueblood; 'Papias: A Study of the Second Century,' by the Rev. Edward H. Hall; 'Every-day Butterflies,' by Samuel H. Scudder; and 'Corn Plants,' by F. L. Sargent.

'A Primary History of the United States,' by Allen C. Thomas, is shortly to be published by D. C. Heath & Co., Boston.

A text-book on New York's history is in preparation for high schools and colleges by Charles H. Rammelkamp, instructor at Cornell.

The Helman-Taylor Co., Cleveland, will publish 'An Anglican Study of Christian Symbolism,' by Miss Elizabeth Clifford Neff.

The Macmillan Co. will bring out an entirely new edition of the 'Development and Character of Gothic Architecture,' by Prof. Charles Herbert Moore of Harvard University, with many fresh illustrations.

In mere luxury of edition Lieut. W. Nephew King's 'Story of the War of 1898' (New York: Peter F. Collier) leaves nothing to be desired. It is a great oblong folio, printed in large type on heavy paper, and overflowing with illustrations, mostly half-tones from nature. The author is a naval officer, and has secured Capt. Robley D. Evans to write an introduction for the navy, while Gen. O. O. Howard supplies one for the army. Capt. Evans's summary review is a criticism of Congress for forcing the navy to do its thorough work with such poor tools. Gen. Howard opens his with a praise of the preparation of the navy of late years, "as if in anticipation of a conflict." He intimates a criticism of the War Department for shelving Miles in favor of Shafter, permitting the latter to complete Miles's work "and receive the credit for it." The "story" proper need not be examined. It is not meant to be read in such a shape as this, being but a sort of obligato to the illustrations. These are mostly of a high degree of excellence, if more or less familiar. The lurid colored plates could well have been dispensed with; and what is the riddle of the allegory, "Her Consolation," a widow seated near her husband's military portrait, with the legend, "Gettysburg, 1863—Santiago, 1898"? Was the lamented gentleman slain by Lee avenged by shooting Spaniards?

Similar in shape, and possibly superior in the number of colored prints of imaginary war scenes, but otherwise inferior to the foregoing, is the volume, 'Lest We Forget,' published by E. R. Herrick & Co. There are some good portraits of naval commanders and heroes, but the rest, with rare exceptions, is rubbish. There is no text.

Few historical characters have been more thoroughly itemized than Washington, thanks to his journals, letters, military orders, public documents, and a cloud of witnesses among his contemporaries. For almost every day of his adult life we can follow him in his lying down and in his rising up. We know what books he owned, read and didn't read; we know his two favorite "familiar quotations," both from Addison's "Cato." These last form a natural introduction to the latest publication of the Dunlap Society, 'Washington and the Theatre,' by Paul Leicester Ford. We learn here when he went to the play, what he paid for the tickets, when he treated others; and his private account (surely not as juicy as old Pepys's) is supplemented by the press advertisement of the performance, or by a facsimile of the title of the published play, or a copy of an old print representing a scene, together with other invincible documents, including a whole play reproduced. Incidentally light is thrown on the dawn of the drama in the colonies, and Mr. Ford records other shows than the theatre, of which the record pure and simple is rather meagre unsupported.

Mr. John Thomson, librarian of the Free Library of Philadelphia, issues as its first Bulletin a Descriptive Catalogue of the Writings of Sir Walter Scott, which must prove very useful for reference, as the annotations are very full. The whole serves as a summary life of Sir Walter, while the index is to a certain limited extent an index to Scott's characters. The plan of extending such catalogues to other collected works is much to be commended. The Bulletin may be procured for twelve cents, post free. No. 2 will analyze the "Library of Old Authors"; No. 3, 150 volumes of the Rolls Series, as catalogued by Mr. Thomson. The enterprise may be said to emanate from the library of the late Jay Gould.

Mr. Foster's *Monthly Bulletin* of the Providence Public Library for 1898, in a handsome bound volume, is rich in lists and catalogues on a great variety of topics, mostly of monthly current interest. Washington, Gladstone, Bismarck, Egypt, China, Spain and Spanish America, Cuba, the Philippines, are illustrated in a careful array of titles with annotations; as are California, Florence, Thackeray, Photography, Latin Hymnody, Domestic Science, etc. All these bibliographical directories are good for the frequenters of any large public library. We regret that this feature of the Bulletin has come to a close for lack of funds, and that hereafter the Bulletin will be little more than a record of additions. The loss to the Providence public schools is palpable.

G. P. Putnam's Sons announce the publication of a new quarterly journal under the auspices of Section H of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. It will bear the title of the *American Anthropologist* (new series), and will be addressed to the general reader as well as to the specialist in the study of man. The board of editors is a distinguished body of American (including Canadian) authorities. The managing editor is F. W. Hodge, No. 1333 "F" Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

A handsome quarterly magazine, the *Technology Review*, aims to do, in part at least, for the Massachusetts Institute of Technology what the *Harvard Graduates' Magazine* does for the neighboring university. A feature in common is the reports from the various class secretaries, who, in fact, together constitute the committee in charge of the *Review*. Another is the General Institute News. The introductory paper is very properly a biographical sketch of President Crafts, with a portrait. No doubt this publication will tend to hold together the alumni of the prosperous school in which it originates.

Mr. Henry F. Waters's shrewd and almost "detective" face in the January number of the *New England Historical and Genealogical Register* will be welcome to the thousand readers of his "Genealogical Gleanings in England." The current instalment of these deals with Bromfield, Quinby (Quimby), Haskett (and Derby), Hedge, and other well-known New England connections. Mr. Hodges's notes on Roger Williams, endeavoring to fix the dates of his birth and death and the name of his wife, are good workmanship. The pedigrees of the namesake benefactor of Yale College, of the Hoar family, and of the Plymouth Brewsters in the early generations, are also among the unusually substantial contents of this number.

The *Geographical Journal* for January opens with Sir Clements Markham's address before the Royal Geographical Society on the progress of geographical work, in which he dwells especially on the proposed exploration of the Antarctic regions. Next follows a description of Christmas Island, in the Indian Ocean, about 190 miles south of Java, by Mr. C. W. Andrews of the British Museum. Separated from other lands by seas of enormous depths, and uninhabited until the last ten years, this island has developed an interesting fauna and flora without the interference of man. Apparently an upraised coral-reef, it also affords an excellent opportunity of studying the nature and composition of such formations. Major S. Paterson gives an interesting account of an expedition into the unexplored region in the valley of the Orinoco in southern Venezuela. He characterizes the up-country Venezuelans, or "rationales," as they call themselves in contradistinction to the "indigenos," or Indians, as "avaricious, thriftless, independent, faithless, untruthful, lazy, capable of hard work, quick-tempered, vindictive, changeful, and full of laughter." In a land of great natural resources, which he is convinced "will one day develop into one of the richest commercial centres in the West," they "daily live on the verge of starvation, frequently for lack of energy to hunt for food." They were most friendly to the English, and were "disposed to view the boundary difficulty as merely a question of brag, out of which their own politicians, whom they distrust, hope to aggrandize themselves in some unexplained way." Some of the results, geographical and historical, of the Pamir Boundary Commission are briefly shown from a recently published report. In addition to maps accom-

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panying these articles is one of the Shiré Highland District in British Central Africa.

The *Scottish Geographical Magazine* for January opens with a lively paper on the "New Seismology," by Prof. C. G. Knott, based on Prof. Milne's recently published work, but containing references to personal observations of earthquakes in Japan. The most startling result established by the new science is the fact "that the earth's surface is in a continuous state of movement." The delicate instruments now used "have brought to light quick tremors, gentle pulsations, and slow tiltings, not merely in so-called earthquake countries, but in every country under the sun." In regard to true earthquakes, the writer thinks there is some evidence of a tendency to increased frequency at times of new moon and full moon. He devotes himself mainly to a discussion of the problem of determining the velocities of the various waves of disturbance. There is also a useful summary of a report to the British Foreign Office on the trade of Central and Southern China, in which considerable information is given in regard to the important places in the Yangtze valley, the products and natural resources of the country, trade routes, and taxes.

That most excellent scientific compend the *Annuaire du Bureau des Longitudes* for 1899 keeps well up to the high standard of previous years. There is much, of course, besides astronomy; M. Cornu contributing on weights and measures, optics and electricity; M. Moureaux on terrestrial magnetism, and M. Levasseur on geography and statistics. The special committee of the Bureau on the preparation of the *Annuaire* is composed of MM. Janssen (who recites the progress of his high-level work on the summit of Mont Blanc), Cornu, and Loewy, the last of whom is now director of the Paris Observatory. The appendixes to the *Annuaire* occupy rather less space than usual, and embody several papers of interest—"Sur les ballons-sondes," by M. Bouquet de la Grye; "La Géodésie moderne en France," by M. Bassot; and, most important of all, a paper by M. Gautier on the great siderostatic telescope he is now building for next year's Exposition. It has an object-glass of nearly fifty inches diameter set up on edge in a fixed position, its focal length being nearly 200 feet. This is the largest glass ever constructed, being nearly one-quarter larger in diameter than the Yerkes glass, and collecting about one-half more light. But, being fed by an enormous mirror or siderostat, which must occasion a large loss, it remains to be seen whether its performance will equal that of the Lick and Yerkes telescopes, even supposing the objective to have reached the high standards set and maintained by the Clarks.

Minerva, the so-called (Italian) review of reviews—rather, an eclectic magazine, translating or abridging notable articles from periodicals in many languages—enters on its ninth year as a weekly, instead of a monthly, and introduces illustrations (even comic pickings) for the first time. In this country the change would, to the expert, signify a want of prosperity; but we will hope otherwise. The publication office is in Rome, Corso, No. 219.

A significant article on Armenia is published in No. 289 of the Berlin *Rundschau*, the editor assuring his readers that the author is a recognized Oriental scholar and traveller, and that the inside information here given is based on the best of authority. The article states that the Turkish Government does not wish a repetition of the massacres of 1895 and 1896, but that it is not able to carry out this resolution as against the Kurds. This explains the recurrence on a small scale of these atrocities, as recently at Bitlis. The writer states that "the last Oriental war of 1877-78 did not cost the Turkish Government as much as the events in Armenia in 1895-96." In round numbers, about 250,000 persons were killed in these massacres; and still worse was the thorough spoliation of the entire people. As a result, agriculture and cattle-raising, as well as taxes, are out of the question. "The order came from Constantinople to decimate the Armenians, in the sense that everywhere those who were conspicuous for their property, education, or influence should be killed, and in general the younger element should be put to the sword." "To attain this end, three methods were chosen, namely (1), the Turkish population were informed beforehand and were armed; (2) the irregular troops were employed, especially the Kurds; (3) the regular troops were also used." In some cities even the artillery were employed.

A number of prominent gentlemen in France have organized themselves into an Association Historique pour l'Étude de l'Afrique, the object of the society being to send exploring expeditions into the desert of Sahara for the purpose of finding remains of former cities and to prosecute studies in reference to their early condition. Among the members of this society are found such influential men as the Prince of Arenberg, Prince Bonaparte, Count de Bizemont, Baron Hultot, Count Greffable, General Larchey, Marquis de Vogüé, and others. Sufficient funds have already been secured to send out an expedition during the current year, which will operate in Morocco, Tunis, South Algiers, and Tripolis.

During the current winter semester of 1898-99 the twenty-one universities of the German Empire, including the Academy of Münster, have been attended by 32,597 matriculated students, of whom the nine Prussian universities had 16,416. The number of foreigners is 2,092, of whom the greater proportion are in Berlin (504), Leipzig (305), and Munich (202). If we include in these statistics the schools of technology, veterinary science, mining, forestry, and agriculture, the whole number of students in Germany would be 44,333 matriculates and 8,918 hearers. Without entering into details, we may add that the technical schools have 9,380 matriculates and 2,536 hearers, and 1,598 foreigners, of whom 540 are Russians; the veterinary schools have 1,206 matriculates and 160 hearers, and 54 foreigners, of whom 24 are Russians; schools of mining, 602 matriculates, 45 hearers, and 201 foreigners, of whom 96 are Russians; forestry, 201 matriculates, 7 hearers, and 85 foreigners, of whom 43 are Russians; agriculture, 347 matriculates and 66 hearers, and 26 foreigners, of whom 18 are Russians. This preponderance of Russians is a remarkable phenomenon, and the fear has been expressed that, with the opening of the new institute of technology at Danzig, the Russian may outnumber the German students.

A unique book has been prepared and published by a special committee appointed by the German Stenographical Association, namely, a 'Häufigkeitswörterbuch,' a dictionary of which the object is to determine statistically the relative frequency of occurrence of the more common words in the German language. No fewer than eleven million words were counted. It appears that the three words most frequently used were "die," "der," and "und." The first-mentioned occurred 358,054 times; the second, 354,526; the third, 320,985 times; so that these three little words figure nearly one-tenth in the actual use made of the German tongue.

The Presidential appointment of the late John Russell Young to the headship of the National Library was an historical event, not to say scandal; consequently the curiosity of posterity as to Mr. Young's personality deserved to be satisfied. Mr. F. Gutekunst, Philadelphia, has done his part in an imperial panel photographic likeness belonging to his notable gallery of public characters. It bears the usual marks of his expertness in his art.

—We record with regret the death, on January 28, at Westborough, Mass., of the Rev. H. Warren Fay, a voluminous contributor to the *Nation* for a long period in the department of Notes and Reviews. Mr. Fay was a classmate at Harvard (class of 1862) of the late John Richard Dennett, who in 1874 passed away under his friendly roof. He was afterwards for a time settled in Nantucket, but returned to his old home, with health fatally impaired. For several years he had been completely bedridden, and his suffering was constant and periodically intense. His spirit, however, was indomitable, and he was a standing lesson in courage and endurance to all his acquaintance. He was an omnivorous reader, and kept himself abreast of French literature in particular. The private notes, latterly written in pencil, which issued from his sick-chamber, were admirable for lightness and good cheer. He had a great capacity for friendship, a warm and generous disposition. His unabated interest in the intellectual movement of the time, while racked by his malady, was truly remarkable.

—The issue of Mr. R. L. Poole's great Historical Atlas by the Clarendon Press (New York: Henry Frowde) goes steadily on, with none of the vexatious delays so apt to occur in the production of such a monumental work. Part xx. is already at hand, and the remaining ten parts, it is expected, will appear during 1899. The later numbers (xiii.-xx.) on the whole maintain the standard of the earlier issues. With their appearance the series of maps illustrating the history of the British Isles is enriched by Mr. G. G. Smith's Scotland, c. 1600; Mr. W. H. Stevenson's England and Wales before the Norman Conquest; the Editor's England and Wales after the accession of the Tudors; and Mr. R. Dunlop's Ireland (1541-1643). Miss Ewart continues her series of Italian maps with the House of Savoy in Italy, and Italia Sacra; while Mr. Rhodes adds to his French series France in the thirteenth century, and Gallia Sacra, besides Europe in the eighteenth century prior to the French Revolution. Prof. Bury contributes two maps of the Eastern Roman Empire, one in the tenth century (two plates), the other 1025-1472, and Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole has three maps of Western Asia—under the Mohammedans (c. 970 and c. 1070); under Saladin (1190); and under the Mongols (1330). The series of ecclesiastical maps is further enlarged by the Editor's map of the ecclesiastical organization of the Spanish Peninsula, and the gene-

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ral European series by Prof. Prothero's Europe, 1814-1863; Mr. Oman's Europe in 1360, and the Editor's Europe at the time of Otto (962). Mr. Poole further contributes two maps of Germany, one under the Hohenstaufen (1138-1254) and one in the later Middle Ages (1273-1492). The promise of the title of the Atlas to comprise parts of the New World connected with European history sees a partial fulfilment in three maps by Mr. H. E. Egerton—European Explorations and Colonies from the fifteenth to the seventeenth century, European Colonies and Dependencies 1763, and European Colonies, Dependencies, and States Independent of European Powers (1815-1897). Unfortunately, these (in particular the maps relating to the United States) by no means equal the European maps in accuracy or execution. It is matter for regret that this part of the work could not have been assigned to a competent specialist in American cartography. In that case, to take three examples of many, Oregon, the Louisiana Purchase, and Texas (plate 89) might have been more than mere conventional spaces on a map without form (correct form, at least) and void; and the city of Baltimore would not have dated her foundation from 1632 (plate 85).

—In his elaborate and painstaking work on 'L'Ouvrier Américain' (Paris: L. Larose), E. Levasseur offers a good antidote to social unrest. Believing that a high rate of wages is a consequence of high productive ability, he sees much in the condition of the laborer in the United States to suggest a continued and even greater advance in material advantage. If wages fall, it will be due to an excess of labor available through the failure of agriculture to absorb its contingent of immigrants. Any influence of the protective tariff in increasing or even maintaining wages is denied, and our author adopts to the full the opinion that the rate of wages is not determined by the price of the article produced, citing the rise in agricultural wages in the face of a great fall in the prices of agricultural products. Nor does he favor the intervention of the state save for the health and safety of the laborers. Individualism and state agency are the two often opposing principles controlling the development of industry, and upon the preservation of a proper balance between them must depend the freedom or subjection of the workingman. Profit-sharing and coöperation have played but little part in the United States, while socialism is regarded as an unimportant factor. Trades unions are good so far as they aid the sick and the needy, and so far as they enable the laborer to withstand the undue pressure of organized capital; but a strike is a condition of war. The danger lies in the widening breach between employer and employed, considered as belonging to two distinct classes of beings. Materially and mentally, they may seem to differ from one another, but morally their interests are the same.

—Although M. Levasseur's volumes were printed in 1898, he would be obliged to modify some of his opinions in the light of recent events. The increasing weight of the debt due to Europe, paid for in exports the prices of which were falling, would hardly be considered to-day as affecting the general economy of the country. The question of restricting immigration, which M. Levasseur believed would be determined in a few years in favor of more stringent regulations, appears to have been settled in a very different manner by the policy of expansion. If the competition of the blacks is to be feared in home industries, what would he have said to the competition of Cubans or Tagals in agricultural production, such as sugar and tropical fruits? Finally, M. Levasseur holds that the Americans enjoy a considerable advantage over Europeans in having no standing army, or costly marine, or war expenses demanding heavy sacrifices. If the estimates of Mr. Gage are accepted, this advantage must soon be in a measure neutralized. For the future of American enterprise M. Levasseur is very hopeful, having an unbounded faith in the good sense and conservatism of the people. Some of his criticisms of labor agitators might be well applied to our political leaders, if leaders they can be called; and the wage-earner has more to fear from their irresponsible schemes than from the concentration of large industries. We could wish that this work might reach those with whose interests it deals. The selection and arrangement of details prove the ability of the writer, while the philosophic treatment of the subject could have come only from one who has passed a lifetime in studying social statistics.

—A cheap and approximately complete translation of the 'Thousand and One Nights' has long been lacking. This want is now being filled—at least for readers of German—by a version at present appearing in the excellent little *Universal-Bibliothek* of Reclam in Leipzig. It is by a certain Max Henning, who is unknown to us as an Arabist, but who seems to be fairly equal to the task which he has undertaken. In ten *Doppel-Bändchen* of about 200 pages each and costing each 40 pfennigs, his version has reached Night 606, and we may therefore expect its completion in seven or eight parts more. At that rate, the whole book will not cost more than eight marks—a phenomenal price for a complete 'Arabian Nights.' There is a short three-page preface with some bibliographical details, not always very accurate, as to former translations, a statement that the present translation is based on the Būlāq edition (evidently meaning the second), and a promise of a supplement taken from other editions and of an appendix examining the large question of origin, authorship, etc. Besides the second Būlāq edition, the translator has used largely that of Breslau, and has also drawn a good deal from Burton. Thus, it is only through Burton that the Calcutta edition of the first two hundred Nights has been accessible to him, and, apparently, the same is the case with the Macnaghten edition; otherwise it is hard to see why he did not take it as a base. The existence of the *first* Būlāq edition, which Lane used, seems to have been unknown to him. The translation is good, and more complete than any other that has been published except Torrens's most unfortunately uncompleted version of the first fifty Nights, and the Burton edited by L. C. Smithers. About half of the verse has been omitted, and what is left, except a few specimens of the translator's ability to turn out *Knüttel-vers*, is rendered into prose after the fashion of Lane. Of rhymed prose only one specimen so far is given, though, after Rückert's masterly imitation of the 'Maqāmāt' of al-Harīrī, a German might have been expected to again essay the impossible. The notes are few and inadequate; for a commentary on the Nights we must still go to Lane. And so, in a combination of Lane and this version, the ordinary reader will probably find his most satisfactory access at a moderate price to the great Saga-book of Islam.

—There is a great difference of opinion among experts on the possibilities of China's foreign commerce. The great province of Yunnan, with a population of 8,000,000 souls, has been studied by an English consul, and by the mission of French merchants sent out by the Chamber of Commerce of Lyons. As the trade of this province may be turned into an English route by way of Burmah, or into French territory by way of Tonkin, each investigator had an interest in showing that the trade was worth making an effort to secure. The French commission reports that this trade is now $3,600,000 a year. The exports are chiefly opium and metals, copper and tin. Owing to rebellion and governmental interference, the mining of these metals has decreased until it now amounts to less than one-fourth the interest worked at the beginning of this century. The mandarins have the right to purchase the metal mined, and they resell at a profit, made larger by the difference between a pound in buying and in selling, the difference varying according to the mandarin. Tea from the hills, tin, and opium are used as currency, and barter is the general rule. Four-fifths of the imports consists of cotton yarn, and this comes from India and Japan. Apart from that item, the "import trade is of no importance."

—The English report is no less certain in tone, and speaks of the rumors of actual and potential trade, vast mineral resources, and "innumerable impossible schemes" for railways and developing the country. The obstacles to working the mines are so many and great as must certainly debar capital from profit, while, apart from the minerals, the province has few resources, and the inhabitants are lazy to a degree. As to a railroad to Burmah, an engineer says that "by piercing half-a-dozen Mount Cenis tunnels and erecting a few Menai bridges" the road could be built. The entire trade in the province is in the hands of peddlers, and the movement of merchandise is in consequence small. Ssŭmao, the most southerly town of any importance in China, possesses no shops of any kind, and street stalls suffice for conducting all traffic. The staples dealt in are tea and raw cotton; the latter being distributed among the country people, who spin and weave it in their homes. The total import of foreign cottons and woollens is only $3,700 a year. As to the people, "they are entirely at a loss to account for the presence of foreign officials. It is useless to explain that we are here for the purpose of fostering trade, as the obvious retort is that there is no trade worth fostering." This is one of the provinces nearest to the Philippines, and which is to be exploited commercially through those islands—according to the programme of the imperialists.

RECOLLECTIONS AND THE RECORD.

Personal Recollections of Abraham Lincoln and the Civil War. By James R. Gilmore (Edmund Kirke). Illustrated. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. 8vo, pp. 338.

In historical studies few things are so difficult as to estimate the value of personal recollections. After a lapse of many years, they are so likely to be amended and enlarg-

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ed by the injection of material drawn from later events and experiences, that not a few of the more cautious investigators accept the rule that such recollections are of value only as they are supported by contemporaneous memoranda.

Mr. Gilmore tells us in general that he was in the habit of making notes of his conversations with Mr. Lincoln, and it is to be hoped that the original notes are preserved and may some day be given to the world in their authentic shape. It is a little hard to believe that a young man, as yet quite unknown to fame, lectured Mr. Lincoln upon the mischievous effect of his having Mr. Seward in his cabinet when as yet the cabinet was hardly a month old and Sumter had not fallen. Yet our author tells us that in that first interview he gravely informed the President that, if the Southern leaders had not thought Mr. Seward a coward, they probably would not have opened the cannonade upon Fort Sumter which was then going on; and that if he listened "to the timid advice which Mr. Seward, from his extreme caution, is sure to give him, he will run the country upon the rocks, where no earthly power can save it from going to pieces." He tells us that he broadly intimated that Mr. Robert J. Walker of Mississippi, who was present, was, since Andrew Jackson was dead, the proper person to replace Mr. Seward. We also learn that he opened to the President a plan of military operations for subduing the rebellion, which he thinks was essentially that to which we finally had to come. This, however, was so often done by other people, first and last, that it is of comparatively little importance.

A little later we are given at second hand, through Mr. Walker, an intimation that Mr. Lincoln followed up the suggestion of his young visitor, by offering the State Department to the gentleman named, who disinterestedly replied that he thought a change would not then be wise. The difficulty, of course, is in reconciling this with the fact, known from a thousand sources, that Mr. Seward's optimism not only did no harm in itself, but was consistent with so cheerful a readiness to carry out faithfully the President's views when they overruled his own, that Mr. Lincoln stuck to him to the day of his death, and did not yield even to the formal request of a committee of the Senate to remove him.

A curious episode is Mr. Gilmore's visit, as a representative of Mr. Greeley, to Gen. Rosecrans, in the summer of 1863, with overtures to the General to become a candidate for the Presidency. The author professes penitence for his part in this intrigue to supplant Mr. Lincoln, which came to nothing; but other incidents of his visit help us form a judgment of the accuracy of his memory, for we are now on ground covered by the Official Records.

We are told that "soon after the battle of Stone's River the Secretary [Mr. Stanton] had written the General a personal letter, saying that he had made up his mind to offer a major-generalship in the regular army to the brigadier who first won an important victory." Rosecrans's indignation is dramatically told. "Does he suppose I will sacrifice the lives of my men to serve my personal ambition?" But

"Stanton was a good hater. He took mortal offence at the attitude of Rosecrans, and then began to make a series of demands upon him that were impossible of execution; his last being a peremptory order for a forward movement upon Chattanooga. This order Rosecrans had refused to obey, on the ground that it would imperil his army—a truth demonstrated four months later by the slaughter at Chickamauga; and now he asked me to lay before Mr. Lincoln his reasons for disobeying the Secretary's demands."

The sequel was that Mr. Gilmore went to Washington "near the close of May," represented to Mr. Lincoln that Rosecrans and every one of his general officers thought a forward movement would be suicidal and end in defeat, and gave his own advice to the President to "retire Stanton to a clerical position and give Rosecrans full command of all the armies." He reports further that, upon his presentation of the case, the President told him he might say to Rosecrans that the order would be countermanded, and that it would not be renewed till the General was supplied with all the men and horses he wanted; finally, that he persuaded Mr. Lincoln to telegraph at once to Rosecrans that the order was countermanded, by saying "it would be a salve to a good many of Stanton's wounds."

It would be difficult to put more errors into the same space. The letter concerning the Major-Generalship was not a personal one of Stanton, but an official one of Halleck. An "important and decisive victory" does not imply a sacrifice to a general's personal ambition. Stanton could not himself make such an offer, but it implied action by the President. It was not soon after the battle of Stone's River, but two months afterward. No series of demands was made by Stanton; the demands were constantly made by Rosecrans, and Stanton and all his subordinates showed marvellous patience and good will in dealing with them. No peremptory order for a forward movement on Chattanooga was made by Stanton or any one else. No order was countermanded. Gilmore could not have carried to Washington reasons for Rosecrans's disobedience. Rosecrans collected the opinions of his general officers on the subject of a forward movement by a circular inquiry dated June 8, two weeks after Gilmore had left the army. On the 12th, Garfield, as Chief of Staff, analyzed the replies, and, notwithstanding them, showed such cogent reasons for an advance that Rosecrans yielded to them.

The circumstances which led to this incident all occurred after Gilmore left the army. It was well known in Washington, as it was at the front, that Breckinridge, with ten thousand men, had been sent from Bragg's army to reinforce Johnston, who was trying to raise the siege of Vicksburg. Rosecrans's force was now 50 per cent. greater than Bragg's, and it was summer. Mr. Lincoln personally telegraphed Rosecrans on the 28th of May: "I would not push you to any rashness, but I am very anxious that you do your utmost, short of rashness, to keep Bragg from getting off to help Johnston against Grant." Rosecrans's answer was the offensively curt one: "Dispatch received. I will attend to it," and he did nothing. On the 11th of June Halleck telegraphed: "I deem it my duty to repeat to you the great dissatisfaction that is felt here at your inactivity. There seems to be no doubt that a part of Bragg's force has gone to Johnston." In reply, Rosecrans told of his circular and his subordinates' answers, with the astonishing proposition that "no one thinks an advance advisable until Vicksburg's fate is determined"! He coolly counselled "caution and patience at headquarters." Halleck answered at once, patiently controverting his reasons, explicitly saying the authorities would not order him to fight Bragg, but, having given him all the forces they could, the responsibility must rest with him. Then came Garfield's unanswerable review of the situation and advice to his chief to march against the enemy. It was, of course, reinforced by personal discussion. Rosecrans was convinced that he ought to march, but said nothing to allay the anxiety at Washington, and on the 16th Halleck telegraphed the question, "Is it your intention to make an immediate movement forward? A definite answer, yes, or no, is required." Rosecrans answered petulantly: "If immediate means to-night or to-morrow, No. If it means as soon as all things are ready, say five days, Yes." He began the movement on Tullahoma on the 24th, and Bragg's consequent retreat beyond the Tennessee River is regarded by Rosecrans's admirers as one of his chief claims to renown. Meanwhile, to give Grant help in place of that which would have been more effectively given by the advance of Rosecrans and Burnside in conjunction, Burnside was ordered to send the Ninth Corps direct to Vicksburg, and his own movement into East Tennessee was delayed. Grant won the Major-Generalship. Comparing this brief summary of the record with Mr. Gilmore's narrative of his interview with Lincoln in the latter part of May, it becomes evident that his recollection plays queer pranks with him.

We do not need to conclude that these Recollections will have no value to the historian. Some of them are better supported by contemporaneous evidence. An expert investigator will judge sagaciously as to the parts which may be antecedently probable. As a direct contribution to history, however, the book will need to be sifted as to every page, and it will be of more use in helping to give "local color" to incidents of the civil war than as proof of any important facts.

EMIN PASHA.

Emin Pasha: his Life and Work. Compiled from his journals, letters, scientific notes, and from official documents, by Georg Schweitzer. With an introduction by R. W. Felkin, M.D. 2 vols. Westminster: A. Constable & Co.; New York: Hadley & Mathews. 1898. Portrait, map. 8vo.

Recent events in the Sudan, the capture of Khartum and the occupation of Fashoda by the French, have given a timely interest to this biography. Emin Pasha, next to Gordon, was the most striking figure in the early history of the Mahdist revolt. Had he fallen, like his leader, in the defence of his province, he would have ranked with him among the world's heroes. But in the strong light which the Stanley rescue expedition cast upon him, the world was disillusioned. It discovered that he was a man brought into prominence by circumstance, and not by his force of character or by his heroic deeds. The impression made by the present biography, which, consisting almost wholly of extracts from his letters and diaries, is practically an autobiography, is the same as that made by the accounts of Stanley, Jephson, and his companion in his last expedition, Stuhlmann. He appears to have been a man thoroughly conscientious in the discharge of his duty, anxious for the material welfare of

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the people whom he ruled, but lacking strong moral or religious convictions; a man, in a word, who became a Turk in nearly everything but his passionate love of nature. This is not surprising, if we remember that he lived for years in an enervating climate and deprived of any stimulating companionship. He himself was conscious of this deterioration, for he refers in a letter, half-humorously, of course, to the fact that "my mental acclimatisation, *i. e.*, my degeneration into the negro and the egoist, has proceeded apace, and so satisfactorily that at times I am quite alarmed." So, when the time for decisive action came, he was found wanting. Had he been what the world imagined him to be, when both England and Germany sent out costly expeditions for his succor, he would have founded an enduring state at the headwaters of the Nile, and advanced the civilization of Central Africa by half a century.

Beyond a brief sketch of his early years and the facts contained in Dr. Felkin's introduction, these volumes, compiled with much discretion by a near relative, contain little new material which is worthy of note. Emin was born in Oppeln, Prussian Silesia, in 1840, studied medicine at the University of Berlin, and entered the Turkish service as medical officer at Antivari in 1865. At this time he discarded his real name, Edward Schnitzer, for a Turkish one, though he did not assume the name of Emin until he joined Gen. Gordon in 1876 at Lado, on the White Nile. The next two years were spent mainly in missions to Mtesa and Kabarega, Kings of Uganda and Unyoro respectively. Emin's account of these missions and of some official tours through Equatoria, which succeeded them, constitutes by far the pleasantest part of the biography. They show him at his best—a keen observer, with unusual descriptive powers, and possessing infinite patience and remarkable tact in dealing with the natives. At one village a unique entertainment was provided for him:

"No sooner was it dusk than dancing began. At four different places drums resounded, and choruses, accompanied by energetic hand-clapping, responded to the recitative of a bard, who seized upon all sorts of subjects as themes for his improvised song. One of Rionga's people gave a very amusing imitation of myself inquiring for, and jotting down, the names of mountains, streams, plants, etc.—not even forgetting to mimic my taking bearings with the compass. 'What is the name of that village in front of us?' asked the impersonator. He himself gave the answer, 'Kijaja,' whereupon the chorus took up the word 'Kijaja,' and repeated it about ten times."

In 1878 Gordon, with some hesitation, appointed him governor of the Equatorial Province, and for several years he devoted himself with untiring energy and considerable success to developing its resources. Dr. Junker, the Russian explorer, gives an attractive picture of its condition soon after the rising of the Mahdi. As he approached Lado he went

"through uninterrupted cultivated fields in the Bari country. What a contrast to the native tillage we had left behind! Here, even the negro's holding is secure; everywhere browsing herds, and the inhabitants of the many Bari hamlets, so far from being scared away by our approach, go on quietly with their work. My boys opened their eyes wide on seeing that here the strong does not rob the weak, and that the mighty government of the Turk leaves the negro's property inviolate."

The station itself was "changed almost beyond recognition," with its wide, regular streets and brick houses surrounded by lemon trees.

From this time, however, Emin was forced to give up his civilizing work and to devote himself wholly to the task of maintaining himself against the attacks of the Mahdist Emirs. The history of his limited success, which was mainly due to his situation and not to the valor or loyalty of his soldiers, is told in minute and somewhat wearisome detail. It is unnecessary to dwell at length upon the account of the rescue. The interested motives and malign influence attributed to Mr. Stanley and to England, both by Emin and by his biographer, are clearly disproved in the translator's notes and Dr. Felkin's statement. The truth is, that the two men, unsympathetic by nature, were mutually and keenly disappointed in each other. Emin confidently expected moral and material support from Stanley, which the terrible hardships the latter had endured prevented him from giving. Stanley looked for a man like Gordon, forceful in character and action—a natural ruler of men, before whom he was to lay the proposition of the King of the Belgians to hold Equatoria as a part of the Congo Free State, and that of an English company to found with their aid a new state on the Victoria Nyanza. He found an amiable gentleman who had lost control of his mutinous followers—a band of wretched Egyptian clerks and savage Sudanese—and who was incapable of deciding even whether to stay or go.

The sad story of Emin's last expedition, to which the second volume is wholly devoted, has already been told by his companion Dr. Stuhlmann, and reviewed five years ago in these columns. To that admirable account only personal details, which have little general interest, are added here. With the aim of extending the German possessions, Emin started from the coast in April, 1890, and with considerable difficulty reached the unexplored region to the west of the lakes. Here the expedition, weakened by hardships and the lack of food, was decimated by an epidemic of smallpox. The able-bodied were sent back to the east coast with Dr. Stuhlmann, and Emin, after some months' delay, went westward with a vague intention of reaching the Cameroons. A few days' march from the Congo, in October, 1892, he was murdered by some Arabs, in revenge, his biographer thinks, for a raid he made on an Arab station. It is a pitiful tale in which the catastrophe is foreshadowed by such entries as these in his diary, "I am very weary. Would it were over!" "Would that I had died after my fall on the stones of Bagamoyo!"

The rank of Emin among men of science must be determined by them. In this biography he appears only as an enthusiastic collector from his boyhood to his death. This passionate and thoroughly unselfish love of nature was a resource of immeasurable worth in his situation. It was a constant stimulus to exertion, and kept him from mental stagnation. He longs for rescue, not that he may return to Europe and friends, but because "it would be a crime if all these beautiful collections were ruined." In one of the darkest days of the last expedition he writes, "Amidst all my recent troubles and trials, I have had one great consolation: I have discovered a largish cat, hitherto unknown to naturalists." The last entry in his diary, made probably a few moments before his murder, is, "Das Barometer steigt schnell [the barometer is rising rapidly]." Many of the museums of Europe were enriched by his zealous and absolutely disinterested labors, while his life-long attitude towards fellow-workers in science is shown in this sentence from one of his letters: "In any case, if either you or any of your friends wish for anything which it is possible for me to procure, whether in the department of zoölogy, botany, or otherwise, my services are absolutely at your disposal." He will have an enduring monument in his contributions to the scientific knowledge of Central Africa, though posterity will probably deny his right to the title once given him, "the apostle of culture." His civilizing work has apparently left no trace.

A word of praise should be spoken for the uniform excellence of the translation, which is in such smooth, idiomatic English that it is difficult to realize that it is a translation from the German. The volumes are attractive in their appearance, and contain an index and a map of Emin's journeys in Africa.

The Underground Railroad from Slavery to Freedom. By Wilbur H. Siebert, Associate Professor of History in Ohio State University. Macmillan Co. 1898. 8vo, pp. xxv, 478.

That humor which heaven bestowed in large measure on the abolitionists, while denying it *in toto* to slaveholding republicans, invented the term "Underground Railroad" for an expedition always carried on above ground, and with only secondary use of railroads. An extension of the metaphor produced "agents, station-keepers or conductors." Political geography (as, the adjacency of free Canada to the slaveholding United States as a whole, the adjacency of the free North to the slaveholding South), topography, character and derivation of population (as, New Englanders in the Western Reserve; Quakers in Southern Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, who had left the South in order to have done with slavery), all contributed to determine the "routes." Yet in all this there was no "institution," scarcely here and there an organization till the Fugitive Slave Law of 1850 produced vigilance committees, not so much to help fugitives northward as to keep their free fellow-citizens from being kidnapped, and to warn man-hunters from free soil.

Prof. Siebert, in preparing his monograph, had the advantage of several valuable works on the operation of the U. G. R. R., especially in Cincinnati, Southern Pennsylvania, and Philadelphia. With commendable industry he has made independent researches, ransacked anti-slavery literature, conversed with survivors, acquired where he could original records, letters, etc., drawn up a list of more than 3,000 "helpers," made estimates of the amount of traffic, retailed some of the more striking *causes célèbres*, made the first map of routes, examined the several laws attempted or enacted to carry out the constitutional provision for the return of fugitives, and compiled a useful though not exhaustive bibliography. The result is a work of reference of very high value, enhanced by a large number of portraits and other illustrations. It is, moreover, in the main, surprisingly readable, for the author shows no great skill in construction, is somewhat repetitious, occasionally fatiguingly minute, and lacks graphic or pathetic power to narrate specimen fugitive cases

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which are among the most thrilling, heroic, tragic, and shameful in American annals. One who desires to view the subject on this side should turn rather to Levi Coffin's memoirs or to William Still's 'Underground Railroad Records.'

The work is not pure history. It is frankly that of an entire sympathizer with Underground motives and methods. It has, further, a thesis, which is, that Underground activity furnished a connecting link of sentiment between the earlier and the latter-day abolitionists, and that the "institution" had a far larger part in determining emancipation—by telling upon the patience of the slaveholding oligarchy, and impelling them to secession—than historians and biographers commonly allow. But this is somewhat to confound two factors in the situation: one, the humane sympathies which led Northerners of whatever political affiliation to hide the outcast and speed him privily on his way to a free country; the other, the open revolt against the Constitutional provision and the Fugitive Slave Law in particular, as evinced by Personal Liberty laws and vigilance committees, Shadrach and Jerry rescues, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' and John Brown's wild scheme of a wholesale hegira. The annual losses by escapes, aided or unaided, the South could and would have put up with but for the signs of the growing public sentiment of abhorrence of slavery, with desire and resolve to restrict the extension of the slave area. This manifestation of a militant Northern conscience was due almost wholly to the persistent, organized, and uncompromising propaganda of the abolitionists, with its inevitable effect upon the creed of parties. A man did not have to be a Liberty Party man, Conscience Whig, Free-Soiler, or Republican to be merciful and helpful to the fleeing victims of slavery—if not systematically, at least on occasion. Here there was no touchstone but a common humanity. But, had there been no specific anti-slavery agitation, we might to-day be living under the conditions of 1860.

For this argument, two facts are decisive: one is that secession was fomented and precipitated by the fire-eaters of the Gulf States, or the parts of the South which suffered least from abduction or fugaciousness. The other is, that nothing but a divinely inspired madness prevented the leaders of secession from accepting at the hands of Congress and the States in 1861 terms of constitutional amendment and guarantee which would have fortified the Slave Power beyond its wildest dreams in 1787. The real moral which Prof. Siebert's monograph points, though he does not (we think) remark it, is that had two incompatible contiguous confederacies been established by secession on this continent, the Underground Railroad (impossible to suspend as long as man was man) would have speedily led to a renewal of hostilities. To doubt that the Southern leaders foresaw this, is to discredit their discernment; but then we must infer that their aim was not independence, but to make this country, in Lincoln's words, "wholly slave"—that is, at least to make slave property in transit inviolable in every part of the Union.

Prof. Siebert's explorations have sometimes stopped short of first-hand authority. On page 68 he professes ignorance of a Philadelphia Underground society of Quakers censured by Washington in 1786 (*April* 12, not May; the citation is at third hand). The organization in question can hardly have been other than the "Pennsylvania Society for promoting the abolition of slavery, the relief of free negroes unlawfully held in bondage, and for improving the condition of the African race." It was at that date on the point of revising its constitution, and in 1787 it made Franklin its first President. (See Edward Needles's 'Historical Memoir' of this society, Philadelphia, 1848, or the late W. F. Poole's 'Anti-Slavery Opinions before the year 1806,' Cincinnati, 1873). As Washington complains of "a vexatious lawsuit respecting a slave," the case and the Society together are removed from the Underground category. On page 219, our author cites newspaper and magazine authority for extending the operations of the U. G. R. R. to Nova Scotia as well as to Canada. His "settlements of ex-slaves near Halifax," however, are only the remains of the Maroons introduced in 1796 from Jamaica, and mostly afterwards deported to Sierra Leone. Dependence on Henry Wilson's 'Rise and Fall of the Slave Power' has made him miss both the exact date (May, 1843) of Mr. Garrison's address of welcome and promised succor to fugitives, and the significance of it as a criticism on a similar invitation penned by Gerrit Smith. For this he should turn to the *Liberator* (13: 87). We have noticed one error on page 99, in Francis Jackson's letter to Theodore Parker, where "Brynes" stands for "[Anthony] Burns." The excellent index escapes this pitfall so far as to admit no Brynes; but then Burns is cheated of an entry due him.

Matter, Energy, Force, and Work. By Silas W. Holman. Macmillan. 1898. 8vo, pp. 257.

Very competent physicists may have a difficulty in forming perfectly clear conceptions of the fundamental ideas of physics; and the more difficulty they have, the more likely they are to want to write books on the subject, and the more deleterious those books will be. These are the minds which neglect the maxim of logic that the meaning of a word lies in the use that is to be made of it, so that every term of general physics ought to stand for a definite general phenomenon; and whoever clearly apprehends to what phenomenon a physical term refers, has nothing further to learn about that term except its grammatical construction. For instance, the word *mass* serves to express the law of action and reaction. If *mass* is defined as "the quantity of matter," then what is meant is the quantity of matter as measured by action and reaction. Mass, therefore, has to be distinguished from *weight*, if by weight we refer to the pull toward the earth against the elasticity of a spring-balance. But to introduce distinctions of terminology which refer to no differences in the phenomena, is an idle pedantry that only confuses at once the language and the ideas of students, and puts them out of *rapport* with the body of scientific men. Prof. Holman's word "weightal" is as superfluous as it is unbeautiful.

The only way to keep scientific terminology free from confusion is to recognize the right of him who introduces a given conception into science to confer upon it its scientific designation and symbol, which should never be rejected nor changed except for really substantial reasons, such as the previous use in another signification of the word chosen. No man of sense will upon any light occasion violate all usage in this matter, any more than in any other. For instance, the word *gravitation* is appropriated by all writers to that fixed attraction between distant bodies which varies only as their mass, while *gravity* is used for the acceleration of bodies toward the earth under the influence of gravitation combined with centrifugal force. It is, therefore, injudicious for Mr. Holman to attempt to reverse this practice by calling that "gravity" which is known as gravitation, and that "weight" which is known as gravity. He seems to be particularly enamoured of the word "kinergety" for kinetical energy; but it is not likely to be adopted.

As an example of the want of clearness of the book, we may take the following, which is printed in italics: "The sufficient evidence that all resistance is due to the action of energy lies in the fact that through resistance change in state of motion of bodies occurs." If, however, by "due to the action of energy" is meant, as should be meant, due to the production by kinetical energy of changed positions with changed positional energy, and the production by the distribution of positional energy of accelerations working changes of kinetical energy, then it is plain that, unless the conservation of energy be assumed at once, a resistance need not be "due to the action of energy." Great fallacies may lie hid behind the word "due."

Le Sage's theory of gravitation is discussed, without being criticised from a logical point of view. But if this theory is proposed in the hope that impact and a wonderful elasticity of incompressible bodies may supersede positional energy, then it would seem to be a blow aimed at the ideas of the differential calculus and of logic itself; for it would be an endeavor to form a conception of nature as discontinuous, and consequently as radically unintelligible as possible. If, however, positional energy and action at a distance are not to be attacked, why not admit that gravitation is such an action, until some facts are ascertained to the contrary?

The vortex-atom theory is regarded with great favor by Prof. Holman. Yet, though mathematically only too profound, it is logically not much better than the theory of Le Sage, being an attempt to get rid of action at a distance in another way. As for Prof. J. J. Thomson's verifications of its results by chemistry, they are too trifling to have much weight, not to speak of the difficulties they involve. There is nothing but *a priori* metaphysics against action at a distance, which is indissolubly bound up with the principle of energy.

Prof. Holman allows himself to treat with silent contempt Newton's theory that space is an absolute entity, although it is a scientific doctrine based upon the fact that bodies tend to preserve their absolute aspects of rotation. He falls into German metaphysics in accepting as self-evident Leibniz's hypothesis that space and motion are entirely relative, a notion unsupported by facts. Some of the German upholders of this doctrine say that bodies do not preserve their planes of rotation absolutely, but only relatively to an otherwise unknown body, which they name "Body Alpha." This "Body Alpha" is for all intents and purposes identical with Newton's Absolute Space. Dr. Ernst Mach wishes to substitute for Body Alpha the *tout ensemble* of the bodies in the universe. The idea that a distant star by its motion

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should instantly affect the rotation of a top, not by a physical force, but by a principle of dynamics, is contrary to all experience, and subversive of the validity of space as a representation of the relations of things. These people maintain that it is just as true to say that the earth stands still while the heavens move round it, as the reverse; so that we may say without falsehood that, by moving round the earth, the stars produce the phenomena of centrifugal force on the earth. This is action at a distance, with a vengeance. It is to be remarked that the preservation of the plane of rotation depends upon the law that a body unacted on by any force moves in a right line; and if the aspect of the plane is not absolutely preserved, then the body moves in a straight line, not absolutely, but only relatively to Body Alpha or to whatever substitute for that fetish may be imagined. All this because the Leibnizians obstinately adhere to a metaphysical notion that does not fit the observed facts.

Geometers are unanimously agreed that it is impossible to prove that the sum of the angles of a triangle equals two right angles except by a premise as little axiomatic as Euclid's celebrated postulate concerning parallels. But if it be axiomatic that all motion is relative, there is no difficulty about the triangle. For in that case two bodies may have any velocity in any direction and yet remain at rest relatively to one another. Now, this is impossible if the sum of the angles of a triangle is greater or less than two right angles.

L. L. Boilly; Peintre, Dessinateur et Lithographe. Par Henry Harrisse. Paris: Société de Propagation des Livres d'Art.

From Fragonard and Greuze and the court painters of the eighteenth century, to Géricault and Delacroix and the Romanticists of the nineteenth, French art for most people means nothing but David and his school. David, it is true, was the great man of the day; his influence was paramount in the studios, his classical creed was supreme. But still there were a few painters so entirely out of "the movement," apparently so unconscious of the tendency of their age, that, instead of reducing everything to the classical formula, they went on painting the scenes and events of every-day life just as they saw these, truthfully, faithfully, simply, with no striving after notoriety—painters who to-day, as M. Harrisse says, would be called "des naïfs." But it is really because they were so naïve, so matter-of-fact, because they knew their limitations and attempted neither the idyllic with Watteau nor the high heroic with David, that their work now has its value. It was never great; most of it would be altogether forgotten were it not for its interest as an historical document.

Of these painters, we agree with M. Harrisse that Louis Boilly holds the first rank. He was not by any means a master, he was not an artist of special distinction. But he had his own game in art—a game Thiers has defined as the painting of ourselves and our customs—and he played it extremely well. He was really the Frith of his day, which, it should be remembered, extended through the Revolution, the Directory, the Consulate, and the Empire, and, indeed, long after the Restoration. While most men were busying themselves with the making and unmaking of states, with war, with political and diplomatic adventure of every kind, Boilly, the humble little provincial, was engrossed with the more familiar and intimate incidents of life. He painted his contemporaries as he saw them, the men in their cafés, the women in their homes; he painted the people waiting in line for the distribution of milk in days of distress, and for the distribution of wine in days of rejoicing; he painted the departure of the conscripts and the arrival of the latest news; he painted the crowds in the Louvre staring at David's famous picture of the Coronation, and the crowds in the streets gathered to see the start of the diligence. In a word, he painted just those things which the artist of his generation, supposed to be inspired by Greece, despised as petty and trivial, though to us they are far more amusing than the toga-draped heroes and the correctly balanced groups of the classical painter.

Much the same subjects are repeated in the lithographs of Boilly, who was one of the first to practise the art of Senefelder as soon as it was fairly introduced into Paris by Lasteyrie and Engelmann. His prints sometimes, to tell the truth, are very tiresome. We have absolutely no patience with the series of *Grimaces* by which he is best known, though it must be admitted that the exaggeration of feature and form that irritates us was quite in accord with the fashion of the time. Even Daumier, later on, often enough fell into the same trick. But whatever fault you choose to find in them, the fact remains that Boilly's paintings and drawings and lithographs are invaluable as a chronicle of a very important and very fascinating period in French social history. It is for this reason we are glad that M. Harrisse has thought it worth while to make a catalogue of them, and the Société de Propagation des Livres d'Art has been willing to publish it.

M. Harrisse has done his work thoroughly and excellently. He has prefaced his catalogue with a sketch of Boilly's life and an estimate of his work. Of the artist's life, there is not much to tell. He was born in 1761, at La Bassée, a little town in the neighborhood of Lille. He was trained to be a house painter, but his ambition was to make himself a painter of pictures, and he managed to earn enough money, chiefly by portraits, to settle in Paris in 1785. He married, he had many children, he worked quietly, despite the social upheaval that was disorganizing France. Only once was he interrupted, when the engravings after his pictures were thought too gallant and gay by a Republican Society of Arts, and he had suddenly to take to painting the "Triumph of Marat." He worked indefatigably, for his fame was never sufficient to bring him large prices for his pictures, and it was merely by his unflagging industry that he succeeded in living by his art. Some idea of his industry is to be had when we learn from M. Harrisse that in the course of his career, besides everything else, he painted not less than 5,000 portraits. As M. Harrisse has pointed out, his pictures suffered, first because of the change in public taste brought about by David, and afterwards because of the new change ushered in by the Romanticists, for he did not die until 1845. But the public delighted in him as the English public delights in Frith. M. Harrisse thinks, however, that he will be more and more appreciated by competent judges and critics, as time goes on. We are not so sure. We cannot help wondering if his work will not always be prized for his subjects rather than for its artistic merit, if he will not be remembered as the chronicler rather than the artist.

M. Harrisse has catalogued no less than 1,364 pictures, drawings, and lithographs. He has made a separate list of the pictures exhibited at the Salon. In every case he has given all available information as to size, subject, and history; but he modestly declares that he can make no claim to completeness, that he has probably accounted for but half of Boilly's work, so much of it has disappeared. If, out of his forty-eight Salon pictures, presumably his most important, but seventeen can be found, there is no doubt that there were innumerable pot-boilers of which not a trace is left—no great loss, we fancy, to Boilly's reputation. M. Harrisse hopes his readers may fill up many of the gaps, but it is a question whether there is any one to-day who can pretend to a tithe of M. Harrisse's knowledge of a painter now so obscure and forgotten as Boilly. The catalogue is well printed, and is illustrated with a sufficient number of photogravures and process blocks after Boilly's most characteristic designs to give a fair idea of the artist and his work. Altogether the book must prove of immense service to any one studying the social history and the art of France during the long period of which Boilly kept so accurate and often so amusing a record.

The Whitefoord Papers. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by W. A. S. Hewins, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde. 1898.

The name of Whitefoord is most familiar to Americans in connection with the negotiations which ended the Revolution. Caleb Whitefoord was an intimate friend of Benjamin Franklin, and for this reason became sole secretary to the Commission which negotiated the preliminary treaty in 1782. He is also the main figure in the volume of correspondence now under review. The family was Scotch and of ancient origin. Its founder lived in the last half of the thirteenth century, and held lands near Paisley, in the shire of Renfrew. For some centuries his descendants were only of local consequence, but, during the English Parliamentary Wars, one of them, Col. Walter Whitefoord, gained some reputation as a truculent supporter of the Stuarts. It was he, for instance, who on May 2, 1649, assassinated the regicide, Dr. Dorislaus, in his own apartments at The Hague, whither he had been sent on a mission by the Commonwealth. No one of the name has ever reached very great eminence, but in the eighteenth century two Whitefoords (and those the two with whom we are here concerned) attained a certain degree of distinction. These were Franklin's friend, Caleb, and his father, Col. Charles Whitefoord.

To associate one's self with Sir Walter Scott is always a short and sure way of attracting public attention, and Col. Whitefoord merits notice for having given the author of 'Waverley' a valuable hint. One of the finest incidents in the first novel of his immortal series is the relationship between Baron Bradwardine and Col. Talbot. Scott found the basis of their romantic friendship in an actual occurrence of the battle at Prestonpans. As Alexander Stewart of Invernahyle was leading a charge which routed the

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Hanoverian troops opposed to him, he observed a royal officer remaining still at his post despite the desertion of his followers. When ordered by the Highland leader to surrender, the officer made a lunge at him with his sword, but, failing in the attempt, was soon disarmed. He "was now defenceless, and the battle-axe of a giantic Highlander (the miller of Invernahyle's mill) was uplifted to dash his brains out, when Mr. Stewart with difficulty prevailed on him to yield. He took charge of his enemy's property, protected his person, and finally obtained him liberty on his parole. The officer proved to be Col. Whitefoord, an Ayrshire gentleman of high character and influence, and warmly attached to the house of Hanover."

Thus writes Sir Walter in the Introduction to 'Waverley.' Before long, however, Whitefoord was on the winning side and could requite his obligation. Stewart was proscribed, his property was seized, his wife and children even were threatened. In this plight Whitefoord made his way in person to the Duke of Cumberland and used every argument, not only on behalf of his friend, but also for the defenceless family. Cumberland proving obdurate, the Colonel took "his commission from his bosom, laid it on the table before his Royal Highness with much emotion, and asked permission to retire from the service of a sovereign who did not know how to spare a vanquished enemy." This dramatic *coup* carried the day, the Duke yielded, and thus Whitefoord repaid the services which had been done him on the field of battle.

The letters which are now edited for the first time by Mr. Hewins cover, as has been said, two generations, and extend from 1739 to 1810. The dividing date within this period is 1753, when Col. Charles Whitefoord dies, and the correspondence of his son, Caleb, then aged nineteen, begins to be copious. Throughout the earlier section topics and interest are almost wholly military. There are letters from Ciudadella in Minorca and from Guantánamo in Cuba, besides much detail concerning the Jacobite rising of 1745. When the Pretender landed in the Highlands, Whitefoord was visiting friends in Scotland, and though he thought that the invasion would "end in smoke," he hastened to join the forces. Indeed, such was his zeal that he "went volunteer, refusing to be Adjutant-General or Aide-de-Camp to the Commander-in-Chief, with pay, thinking it his duty to serve his Majesty to the utmost of his power without any private view." His gallantry at Prestonpans we have already seen. His letters are those of an officer in the field, short and businesslike. The only long document among them is a detailed defence of Sir John Cope, who was brought before a court-martial for suffering the clansmen to beat him. The court held with Whitefoord and exonerated Cope, on the ground that he had been basely abandoned by his troops. After Culloden, little of more than private interest transpires in the life of Col. Whitefoord. He died seven years later, when in the full tide of professional success.

His son, Caleb, would never, save for the chance acquaintance with Franklin, which gave him a place in public affairs, have emerged from the obscurity of an artistic dilettante, or been talked about beyond the little circle where he was, as Burke says, a *diseur des bons-mots*. At most he might occasionally have been mentioned in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, or alluded to in letters or memoirs. He was a sprightly and agreeable man who wrote for the newspapers, collected pictures, and was an acceptable guest at the dinner-tables of gentlemen and men of letters. He was also a devotee of the theatre, knew Garrick intimately, and was often called upon to write prologues or epilogues. It speaks well for his character that he kept his friends throughout life, and that the most illustrious among them were willing to inconvenience themselves on his behalf.

Besides Franklin, Caleb Whitefoord had for correspondents Smollett, Garrick, Warren Hastings, Woodfall the publisher, Copley, and the Earl of Buchan. Nothing, however, of much moment comes out in their letters to him, and we have little hesitation in fixing on his part in the peace negotiations as the most striking feature of the volume. With Oswald, his colleague, Whitefoord hired one of the best hotels in Paris, and kept open house there. The business occupied thirteen months, and, though, through a change of ministry, their services were not properly rewarded by Government, they enjoyed a pleasant degree of consequence while terms were being arranged. Pp. 187-189 contain some amusing anecdotes of the negotiations, from which we extract the following passage. On one occasion Whitefoord was talking with a Frenchman, who boasted of the glory his country had gained, and emphasized England's folly in going to war with her colonies:

"He talk'd of the growing Greatness of America, and that the thirteen united States wou'd form the greatest Empire in the world. Yes, sir, I replied, and they will all speak English, every one of 'em. His triumph was check'd. He understood what was intended to be convey'd, viz., that from a similarity of Language, Manners and Religion, that Great Empire wou'd be English not French."

While devoid of extraordinary value, the Whitefoord Papers make very agreeable reading. They are beautifully printed, and Mr. Hewins has performed his editorial duties with complete thoroughness and success.

New Yorkers of the Nineteenth Century. By Mrs. John King Van Rensselaer. F. Tennyson Neely. 1898.

In this collection of selected pedigrees Mrs. Van Rensselaer revives the memories and many of the names of the Dutch matrons celebrated in her late charming book on the Good Wives of Manhattan. They reappear even beyond the third and fourth generation, to justify the Scriptural promise of inherited virtues and persisting qualities. The traits impressed by Holland ancestry show themselves again in the grandchildren and great-grandchildren who led the social and business life of New York in the early years of this departing century.

The New Amsterdam stock, though still dominant, had diffused itself through alliances with the worthiest of new-comers during the period succeeding the provincial era. At a very early date, indeed almost contemporaneously with the English conquest, many of the old Dutch names were lost by being merged in marriage with families of French and Scotch connection; and, by the time included within these charts, New England, too, had contributed the stimulus of her energy in a great degree to modify the character of the residents of Manhattan. The distinction of leadership in New York social life as it then was is thus shared by all races, not excluding even the Hibernian. A part of the impulse in its advance is due to the blending of the qualities of each, and each of the names here recorded suggests some achievement in war, or politics, or finance tending to the solid building up of New York at the outset of the present century.

A part only, perhaps a quarter or a fifth part, of the intended series of genealogical charts is presented in this publication. Great care has been taken, through laborious study of public records and family papers, to insure accuracy in its elaborate details. The series when completed will not only form a record of value to the curious student of genealogy, but will also greatly aid professional researches into questions affecting the descent of property on Manhattan Island.

Letchimey; A Tale of Old Ceylon. By Sinnatamby. With illustrations. London: Luzac & Co.

Ummagga Jātaka (The Story of the Tunnel). Translated from the Sinhalese by T. B. Yatawara. London: Luzac & Co.

These two recent books are worthy of mention as throwing light on phases of life in India at different ages, and also because they are issued by the publishers to the India Office in London. The 'Tale of Old Ceylon' gives an interesting picture of southern Indian life at the opening of the sixteenth century, when the first Portuguese settlements were established around the coasts of Ceylon. The plot is one of political intrigue. A king is banished through the machinations of an unscrupulous minister. His wrongs are partly avenged through the instrumentality of two young lovers, whose romantic adventures make up the under-plot.

The second work is a translation of the Jātaka Tales, or anecdotes from the life of the Buddha in a previous existence. Each addition to our knowledge of the Jātakas is welcome to students of Buddhism and to those who are interested in folk-lore. The present translation is not made from the Pāli, or sacred language of the Buddhists, but is based upon the Sinhalese version. On pp. 19, 20 is found a curious analogue to the judgment of Solomon over the child. In the Indian tale the Buddha is represented as discovering the true mother from the false by resorting to a sort of tug-of-war test, in which the rival claimants are to draw the body of the living babe over a line marked upon the ground. It is needless to add that the real mother yields her claim rather than to submit her child to the cruel torture. The "Bōsat" gives judgment accordingly.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Anstey, Rev. Henry. Epistolæ Academicæ Oxon. 2 vols. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Henry Frowde.

Apthorp, W. F. By the Way. Essays on Music and Art. 2 vols. Boston: Copeland & Day. $1.20.

Aub, Theodor. The Bankruptcy Law of the United States. Brooklyn Eagle Office. $1.

Beers, Prof. H. A. A History of English Romanticism in the Eighteenth Century. Henry Holt & Co.

Boylan, Grace D. If Tam O'Shanter'd had a Wheel, and Other Poems and Sketches. E. R. Herrick & Co. $1.25.

Brooks, Prof. W. K. The Foundations of Zoölogy. Macmillan. $2.50.

Browning, Robert. Complete Works. [Camberwell Edition.] 12 vols. T. Y. Crowell & Co. $9.

Campbell, Prof. Lewis. Religion in Greek Literature. Longmans, Green & Co.

Campbell, Prof. D. H. Lectures on the Evolution of Plants. Macmillan. $1.25.

Carpenter, E. J. America in Hawaii. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.

Cooke, G. W. John Sullivan Dwight. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.

Craddock, Charles E. The Story of Old Fort Loudon. Macmillan. $1.50.

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Crozier, J. B. My Inner Life. Longmans, Green & Co.
Deploige, Simon. The Referendum in Switzerland. Longmans, Green & Co.
Egerton, George. The Wheel of God. Putnams. $1.
Fassett, J. H. Colonial Life in New Hampshire. Boston: Ginn & Co. 70c.
Fernald, J. C. The Imperial Republic. Funk & Wagnalls Co. 75c.
Garrisson, Charles. Théophile et Paul de Viau. Étude historique et littéraire. Paris: Picard & Fils.
Gates, Prof. L. E. Three Studies in Literature. Macmillan. $1.50.
General Index to the Library Journal, vols. 1-22. New York: Library Journal.
Gibbs, W. E. Lighting by Acetylene. 2d ed. D. Van Nostrand Co.
Greene, H. C. Plains and Uplands of Old France. Verse and Prose. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.50.
Greene, H. C. Théophile. A Miracle Play. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $1.
Hall, Tom. When Cupid Calls. E. R. Herrick & Co.
Hamong, Count de. The Hand of Fate. F. T. Neely.

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